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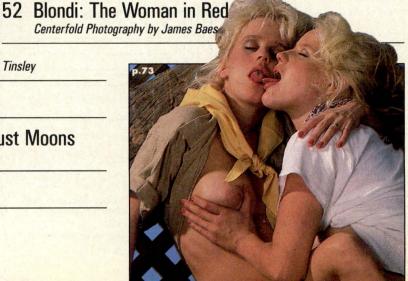
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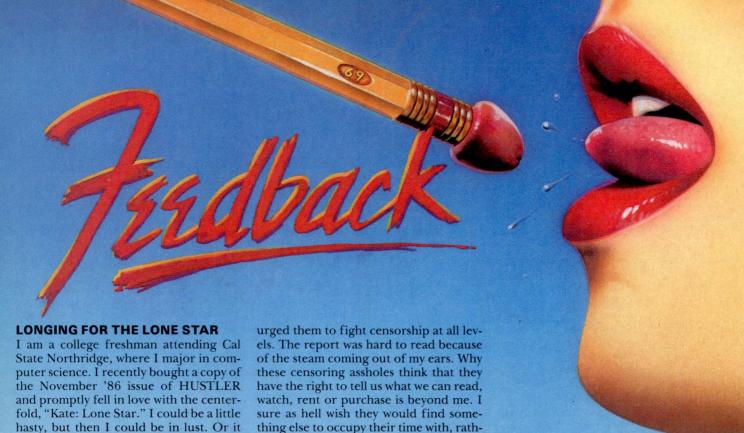
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### HUSTLER JANUARY 1987 VOLUME 13 NUMBER 7

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Cover photo by James Baes



Northridge, California

could be true love that I feel for her, or

simply an extremely powerful infatua-

tion. I would have to meet her to discover

-G. B.

### **BACKDOOR BRAVOS**

which category it is.

More, more, more! Congratulations on yet another great issue of HUSTLER [November '86]. Your magazine has always been innovative, and it's the industry leader in bringing out the pink. Several years ago HUSTLER turned me on to brown in the October '76 issue with "Baby Breese." The model in that shoot looked like a six-inch-diameter dork had just been pulled out of her poop chute. Since that day my first priority in flipping through HUSTLER has been to look for some anal crater. Well, in the October '86 issue you ran a Bits and Pieces blurb on Puritan, which had the best open A-hole shot I've seen in years. And in the November issue you've given us several: "Wigged Out" and "Kate: Lone Star"finally, ass shots that don't hide hemorrhoided sphincters with towels or satin sheets! Please keep up the great workfresh pink and gaping asshole are No. 1! -C. D.

Port Chester, New York

### **ADULT ACTION**

I just finished reading the report by James Harris titled, "Banned in Your Bedroom" [November '86]. I was so terrified that I immediately did as the author suggested: I wrote to both of my senators, Alan Cranston and Pete Wilson. I

thing else to occupy their time with, rather than taking away our Constitutional rights. Every HUSTLER reader and employee would do well to do as I did: Send postcards to your senators, urging them to fight censorship. They are your elected representatives. It's your duty to use them. -B. L.

San Diego, California

When are they going to start calling this "the land of the free-only if you have a narrow mind"? After I read the "Banned in Your Bedroom" article in the Novem-



Kate: Lone Star

ber '86 HUSTLER, I was so pissed-off, I could hardly get to sleep that night. It all seems like a bad nightmare. Only, in this nightmare, we can't wake up to find it was only a bad dream. If these assholes are going to take us over the edge, why not ban the Bible? The author of "Banned," James Harris, asks for the citizens of this country to stand up and become politically active. In accordance, I am sending my senator a letter as stated. Also, could you please inform me of any organizations in middle Tennessee that are active in the fight against censorship? I want to stand up for my Constitutional rights. -D. W.

Mufreesboro, Tennessee

Contact your local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU).

### **HUMORING OUR READERS**

Congratulations on producing such a fine magazine. The humor is great and, as always, the women are fabulous. Where would the world be without that infamous HUSTLER Humor bringing out the funny side of the world's more tragic situations? Admittedly, some of the bits are pretty shocking; I'm as sensitive to the world's problems as anyone. But I think that's where the humor lies-that they are shocking. If enough people do become offended, perhaps things will begin to happen. I mean, if all the complainers out there stopped bitching about the "offensive" HUSTLER sense of humor and directed their efforts toward

writing to the people who can do something about the world's calamities, they might no longer exist.

-B. E. Canton, Michigan

### **DAWN OF DESIRE**

You guys did it again! Well, actually she did it. Dawn, of Charleston, South Carolina—in the October '86 Beaver Hunt. What a sizzler! She is gorgeous. I sat up for two hours, pumping my penis to her picture one night. At 46, she beats out all the rest. A Beaver Hunter's dream is the video of her fantasy. Let's see it, HUSTLER, the Dawn Video. Her smooth-shaven snatch and knockout tits are a sure winner. At least she rates a feature layout. High heels and red nails are the only missing items.

—J. L. North Tonawanda, New York

Dawn in the October *Beaver Hunt* is fantastic! Can we see more of her? I think that mature women rule. —Dennis Topeka, Kansas

### **DOUBLE HIS PLEASURE**

I would like to comment on your magazine—I love it! Some stupendous shots and humor, but when you show two chicks, you seem to ignore one. Such was the case in the October '86 issue with "Astra & Sunflower: Love Children." Both ladies were fabulous, but unfortu-

nately there is only one shot of the blonde's cunt. I would love to see her sweet pussy. Can you help me out? In future issues why not show both girls completely—I'm sure you'll get it right. Keep up the excellent work and keep the fine babes coming.

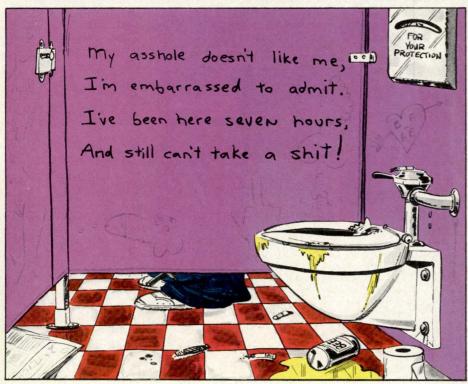
—I. M.

East Palatka, Florida

### **FUZZY IDEA**

I've been an avid reader of HUSTLER for about six years, and I enjoy your magazine immensely. I especially enjoy your lesbian pictorials. I love to see two hot women getting it on with each other. Also, I've always been turned-on by girls who don't shave their underarms or legs. There must be other guys out there who get turned-on by this as well, because I've noticed that quite a few female porn stars don't shave. As a matter of fact, in your video review of Erotic in Nature in the September '86 issue, I noticed in the picture of the two lesbians that at least one of the girls has a nice growth of hair under her arms and on her legs. HUSTLER has covered just about every kinky turn-on known to man in your pictorials-fat women, pregnant women, grandmothers, etc. So how about a pictorial of a beautiful girl with a thick growth of hair under her arms and on her legs, or better yet, how about a lesbian pictorial with two, beautiful unshaven







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Larry Flynt Publications, Inc. Talent Dept. 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067 gals going at it hot and heavy? – F. J. San Clemente, California

### **GOES FOR GOO**

I wanted to write to let you know how much I enjoy reading HUSTLER-and looking at all the pictures. My favorites are the ones where the women are totally naked: no shirt, no shorts, no stupid shoes-nothing. I'd like to see you do a sticky-woman pictorial soon. For me, the thought of a totally naked woman covered with honey, hot fudge, wallpaper paste, chocolate or maple syrup, or any of a number of auto lubricants and dirt, ranks up there in eroticism with the fabulous "shocking" pictorial HUSTLER did years ago where a woman was stripped, shaved, and cuffed before going to the electric chair [February '78, "The Naked . . . and the Dead"]. If only she'd had pancakes with extra syrup as her last -Name Withheld meal! Columbia, South Carolina

### **BEAVER EXTREMES**

In the September *Beaver Hunt* I saw an extremely desirable woman by the name of Gina. How about her as a HUSTLER Honey in the near future? And as for the October *Beaver Hunt*, the photo of Sweet Red is the ugliest I have ever seen. Please keep the ugly women out of *Beaver Hunt*.

–J. C.

Attleboro, Massachusetts

### HOT FOR LETTERS

My husband is a subscriber to HUSTLER. I recently started looking at the magazine and have also become a fan. I'm writing to give you a suggestion about your articles. I think the best part of your magazine is the *Hot Letters* section, and usually there are only two letters in that section. So I suggest that you should print at least three per issue.

-K. P.

Longview, Texas

Space doesn't permit more in HUSTLER, but because so many of our readers enjoy steamy letters, each edition of HUSTLER LETTERS has over 20 hot bits of correspondence, plus two sizzling erotic short stories. Subscribe for one year (six issues) by sending \$14 (do not send cash) to Flynt Subscription Company, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

### READER SATISFACTION

I've been a constant reader of HUSTLER for years. The women who pose for HUSTLER are so gorgeous that they constantly send chills up my spine. The cartoons are so funny that when I have a bad day, I simply think of them, and it makes me feel better. I just wanted to let you people know that you're all doing a beautiful job.

—A.F.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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### **LATIN LESSON**

Your magazine keeps us well-informed about American porn and its stars, and you've also touched on the European market. How about some information on the South American porn world? I'm sure a country like Brazil, with major urban areas like Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo and Brasilia, would have a welldeveloped porn industry. A country that produces some of the best-looking brunette's must make some terrific fuck flicks. I, for one, would like to know some titles, see some pictorials on the stars and find out the names of their American distributors. So, HUSTLER, how about some information on our cooze cousins to the south? I'm sure all your readers

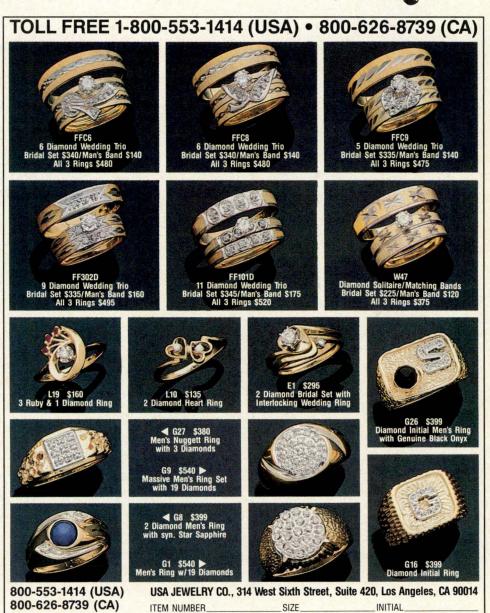
would love it and really get off. You could also look into the hooker scene in the major South American capital cities. What a great assignment for some lucky writer.

-S. E.

Boston, Massachusetts

We already have writers looking into the lusty Latin scene, and you'll read about it in future issues.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.







### BEST FOOT FORWARD

I don't know why, but I seem to meet a lot of guys who like sucking and jacking off on my pretty little feet. I'm a 20-year-old girl, and I grew up on a farm; so there's a lot I don't know about sex. I guess there must be something special about my feet, because they're a terrific turn-on to foot fetishists. My feet are small, cute and well-formed, but I don't understand why some guys get big boners just from looking at my peds. I guess I should be grateful for what I have and forget about analyzing my men's motivation.

The first time I got my feet sucked was only a couple of years ago. The guy who did it was Mr. James, this weird, middleaged widower who lived next door to my parents' farm. Mr. James had been making up excuses to drool over my feet for as long as I could remember. Anytime I'd do yardwork or sun myself in the backyard, he'd find a reason to stand by the fence and talk to me. I knew he was flipped-out over my feet. That was all he stared at, regardless of how skimpy or seductive my bikini or shorts were. On a couple of occasions, when I was younger, I deliberately teased him by painting my toenails while he watched, or by wiggling my cute little toes in the dirt. I've found that foot fetishists absolutely love licking the dirt off a girl's toes and arches! When I did stuff like that, Mr. James' face would flush, then he'd excuse himself politely and return to his house with a rigid rod poking through his pants.

I thought the idea of boffing an old bore like Mr. James was pretty gross, but his interest in my feet made my twat tingle. I was still a virgin at 18, having decided that it would be best to discover sex slowly and at my own pace. The best possible initiation, I felt, was getting my slit sucked. The idea of Mr. James sticking his fat, old frank in me made me sick, but I liked the idea of using his foot fetish as a way to make him lick my horny little lovepot.

One day I knocked on Mr. James's door and asked if I could talk to him for

awhile. It was the first time I'd ever invited myself over, and I could tell Mr. James was already getting some juicy thoughts as he invited me into the living room. Plus, I'd dressed for the occasion in super-tight cut-offs and a T-shirt that clung to my curvaceous cones. My feet, of course, were nude!

I don't remember what we talked about at first, but Mr. James was acting strange and stammering, which gave me confidence. Then I pulled out a small



bottle of nail polish and asked Mr. James if he minded me painting my toenails in front of him.

Did he mind? Poor Mr. James could only gawk, his face red and his beef bulging, as I painstakingly lacquered the first five toenails. When I finished one foot, I told Mr. James that it was hard to reach down that far and do a good job. I asked my horny old man if he'd mind painting my toenails for me.

Mr. James got on his knees in front of me, his hands trembling so bad that he could hardly hold the nail-polish applicator. He tried his best, but I made it tough by wiggling my little stinkers and, finally, by pressing my heel right on his throbbing tool. The last stunt pushed my sexy

senior over the edge. I gasped as he suddenly grabbed my foot with both hands, stuck my toes in his mouth and started sucking as hard as he could.

"Mr. James! How dare you!"

But the kinky old fart was too overheated to hear me. He moaned and slobbered as he sucked my dainty digits, and then he hauled his gigantic, throbbing turkeyneck out of his pants and started choking his chicken like crazy. I sighed, letting the horny geriatric have his way with my balls and arches. The toe-sucking session ended with his orgasm. Mr. James pointed his dork at my crinkled pads and popped gobs of hot spunk all over my feet!

Afterward, he fell all over himself apologizing, even saying he'd lick his own load off my feet if I promised not to tell his wife. But I assured my kindly old coot that I wasn't mad at all. I only wanted him to lick my pussy now.

Mr. James agreed immediately, and we struck up an agreement that lasted for a couple of months. I still wasn't ready to have a big, greasy goober plowing into my pussy, but I did come to enjoy having my labes licked a great deal. Whenever my taco started to tingle, I would pay Mr. James a visit. He was only too happy to gum my gash to multiple orgasms, as long as I'd let him fellate my feet too! -D. W. St. Louis, Missouri

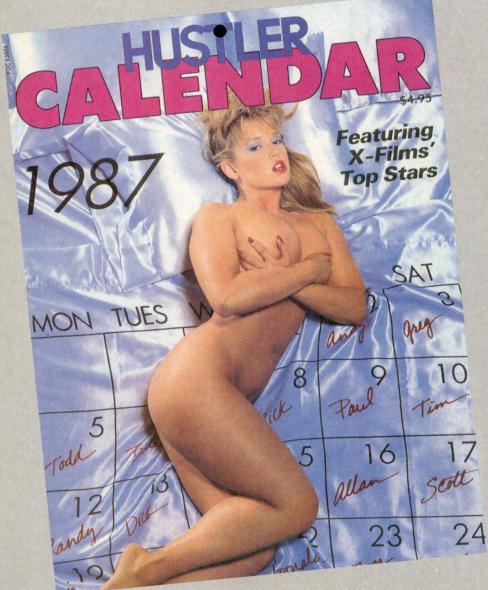
### SUBURBAN BOTTOM LINE

My husband David and I were married about six months ago. He's 28 years old, and I'm three years younger. We bought a nice house in a pleasant suburb of Hartford and settled down to our new life in executive positions with a large insurance campany. Our neighbors are all hardworking, friendly people, and within weeks David and I felt totally accepted by everyone.

About a month ago we were invited to a backyard cookout by our next-door neighbors. Anne and Tony are an English couple, and though they are perhaps ten

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years older than David and I, we've found we have a lot in common. We arrived for the barbeque a little early and were surprised to hear flesh striking flesh, followed by howls of pain and choking sobs. Thinking it was one of their children being spanked, we called out to them and continued to walk into the house through the backdoor.

Tony shouted for us to come into the den. When we reached the room, we found Tony sitting on a straight-back chair; across his lap, with her skirt hiked up, her panties down around her knees, her huge breasts dangling and her hair-brush clutched in her hand, was his wife.

Anne was sobbing and, from the condition of her raw, red ass cheeks, it looked as though her husband had administered a rather severe spanking. Tony explained that Anne had overspent on several charge cards and overdrawn her checking account. She was receiving her punishment now.

While Tony explained the situation, he continued slapping away at Anne's sexy, but sore, ass. Each spank was accompanied by fresh howls of pain. To see this gorgeous, curvaceous blonde crying and pleading for mercy and promising to be good in the future was quite an exhilarating sight. After a few more minutes of hand-to-ass treatment, Tony asked for her hairbrush, which she handed over meekly, amid fresh tears. Then Tony instructed Anne to count out 50 whacks and not lose count, or else.

He proceeded to whack her backside 50 times very hard with the heavy hair-brush. Anne went crazy with pain. She wiggled about on his lap, trying to avoid the spanks, her full globes and big boobs bouncing with each stroke. After Tony finished with her, he pulled up her panties and made Anne apologize to him and to us for having to be humiliated like a naughty child. Then she had to sit, in obvious pain, listening to Tony explain to my husband how he was turning his wife into a respectful, loving, unselfish woman.

I could tell from David's rapt attention and expression that he was very interested—and very turned-on—by what he had seen and by what he was hearing. But so was I: Watching a grown woman humbled to that extent was very exciting. We could barely wait to get home and tear our clothes off for a fuck frenzy. It was the best boff of my life!

I wasn't surprised when, a week later, my husband found some excuse to take me over his knee. I'd forgotten to mail the phone bill in, and when David found out, he ordered me into the bedroom. He made me pull off my panties and lift my skirt, and then he laid me over his knee. The first few swats stung like hell, but in time I felt a warmth spreading from my

### HOT LETTERS

The first few swats stung like hell, but in time I felt a warmth spreading from my butt.

now-tender butt throughout my lower body, specifically my pussy, which tingled like mad. Still, I moaned and struggled, trying to escape, but that only made David spank me harder. When I could take it no more, I cried, "Please stop. I'm sorry."

David lifted me off his knee and stood up. I saw his fat hard-on clearly outlined in the crotch of his pants. I reached up and stroked it penitently, my face still wet with tears. In a flash David had his pants down around his knees and was on top of me on the bed. I was burning with desire; so, without a word, I guided his shaft to my throbbing pussy. He rammed it in and went to town, fucking me with hard, deep strokes. I came three times in rapid succession, screaming at the top of my lungs and clawing David's back like an animal. He pulled out, flipped me onto my stomach, and shot his hot spunk all over my tender, red butt. I rubbed it in, and it soothed the sting of his spanking.

Since then I've been spanked on many occasions, several times while in the presence of Tony and Anne. In fact, two nights ago, after Anne and I had stayed

out late at a bar, David and Tony were waiting for us with paddles in hand. Anne and I were paddled at the same time. Neither Anne nor myself could sit down until today. Since then, David has had to fuck me doggy-style because it hurt too much for me to sit or lie down.

I know it isn't fashionable for a woman to submit to this sort of behavior from her husband or a lover today, but I find it very necessary as well as highly stimulating. My husband is handsome, assertive and very loving, and he's provided me with a beautiful home, a part-time maid, a new Saab automobile and expensive clothes. He treats me to both a winter and summer vacation. For all that, I can put up with a sore ass now and then, especially since David usually fucks me like a wild man afterward.

I'll bend over for the paddle any time I'm told to. Besides, I usually deserve it anyway.

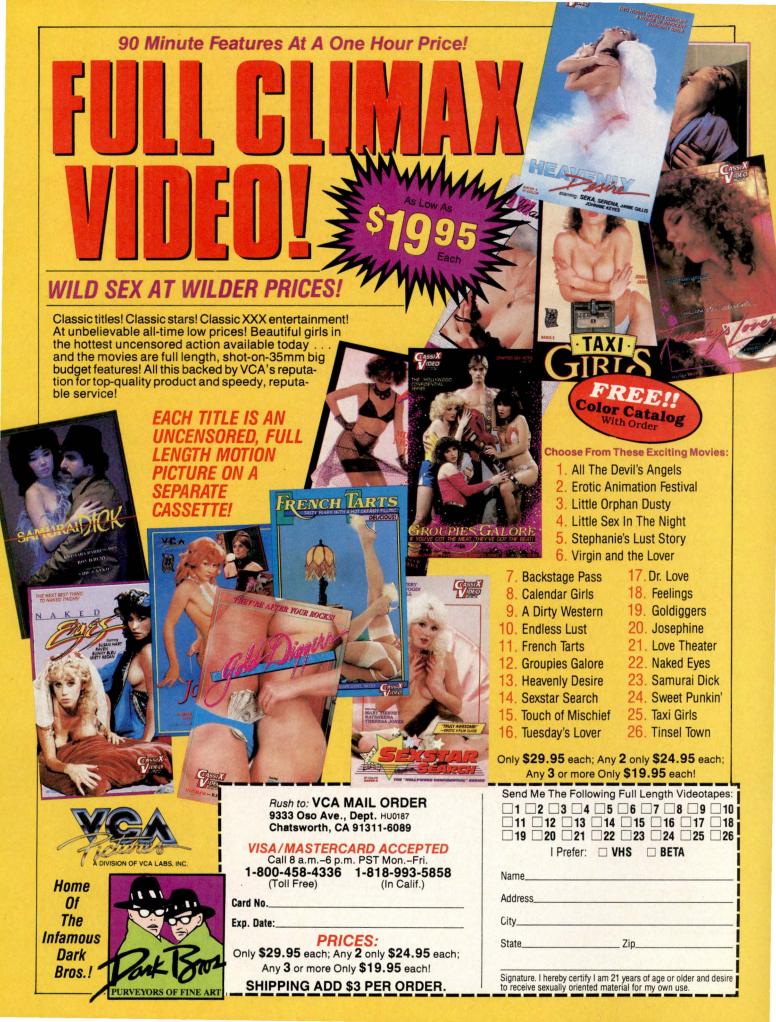
-T. N.

Hartford, Connecticut

Send your <u>Hot Letters</u> to HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.



HUSTLER JANUARY





# ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Anyone who gets his way through force and maintains his image by insulting others is an asshole. When he's a once-great athlete who could have brought positive change for many, he's Jim Brown, Asshole of the Month.

Brown's dominant personality traits-aloofness, stubbornness, anger and arrogance-worked well for him on the football field. However, his strong-arm style has no place in bedrooms or golf courses, where Brown's brute tactics have earned him negative headlines. The latest case involves Brown's 90-pound fiancée. She eventually dropped the assault charges against Brown that she had originally filed when he blacked her eye and bruised a rib. They were arguing about how much attention she paid to male patrons of a health spa where she worked. The woman told police that to escape Brown's barrage, she had to lock herself in a bedroom, arm herself with a handgun and flee through a window.

# Jim Brown



It's the kind of thing Kluxers call typical Negro romance, and works opposite any goals Brown might have had as an angry young man with an interest in civil rights. He once started an organization to boost minority opportunities, but unfortunately he's much better known for several cases of allegedly beating up women.

On a more manly note, this

grade-C actor once beat up a golf pro, for which he was jailed and fined. In other cases when formal charges of assault, sexual assault and rape have hung over his nappy head, the charges were dropped or cases dismissed, but the black mark on his reputation remains.

Even without the reputation for brutality, Brown proves he's no leader or role

model with his childish insults of football's modern running backs who've closed in on or broken Brown's records. Rather than appreciate being brought out of mothballs for comparison, Brown issues thick-lipped abuse at undeniably great running backs like O. J. Simpson, Walter Payton and Franco Harris. He brashly challenged Harris to a 40-yard-dash and lost. He threatened to return to pro football in order to forever put his career-rushing record out of reach. When training camp opened, Brown wasn't around to back up his big talk, maybe because the NFL doesn't have any women players for Big Jim to push around.

A supreme example of the pampered jock who can't live in a real world, Brown also typifies an age when force and intimidation are offered as the only solutions to every problem. Bullies don't always get their way, and aging asshole Jim Brown is due to find this out the hard way.



### **Dump Trucks**

ome people say that being in the army can be a crappy job, but you wouldn't know it to observe these happy members of the engineering corps. They're on poop patrol, better known as the shit detail. The messy tasks assigned them include generating colorful new landfills, highballin' down that Hershey Highway and giving a whole new meaning to the old term "grunt."

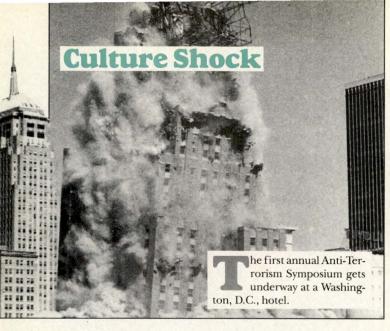


### **Dirty Money**

n response to a recent libel suit, one of our dedicated HUSTLER readers sent in

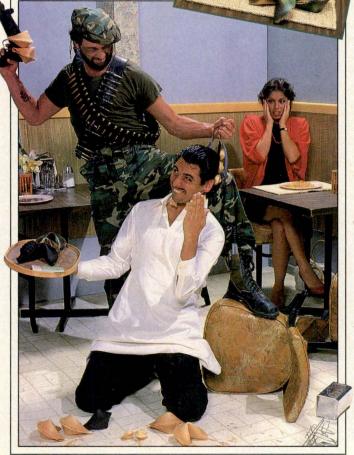
this lovely piece of artwork, suggesting it become the standard mode of currency for paying off foaming-at-the-mouth fundamentalists. Nice idea, but unfortunately the preaching porkers are satisfied only by real money. However, you might have a future in counterfeiting. . . .







per to any mercenary's meal. Soldier of Fortune Cookies are the dessert with weapons baked inside. You don't have to be a freelance fighting man to enjoy these subversive snacks—they let you walk the check without fear.



# **Juicy Fruit**

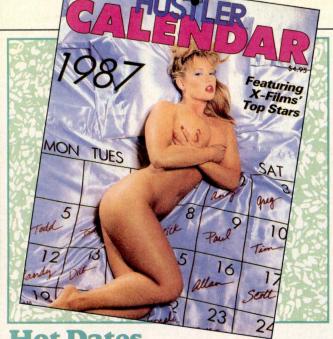
ruit fetishists of the world unite! There's no need to be ashamed just because you like to plant your seeds in the pulpy flesh of a sweet melon. At least the demented reader who sent this photo in doesn't think it's the pits. But don't get too emotionally attached—after all, you can't elope with a cantaloupe.



# Crackpot

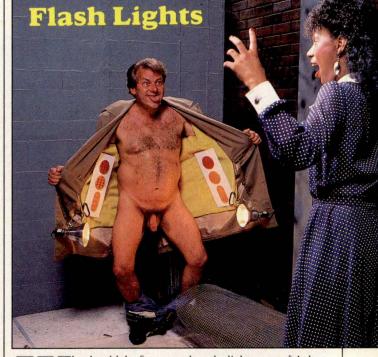
rugs are too expensive! Thank goodness for Crackpot; it's two drugs in one. Don't go to two seedy neighborhoods to make your buys, or purchase two sets of paraphernalia. Why waste time pepping-up pot or mellowing crack? Crackpot soothes and stimulates. Blast off into mellow space; it's a crackpot idea.





**Hot Dates** 

he 1987 HUSTLER CALENDAR, featuring X-film's top stars, is here. The year will go by in no time when you celebrate each new month with the hottest porn actresses in the business. Make '87 a year to remember by getting yourself a calendar worth coming home to.



hy should the fun stop when the lights go out? At last, there's a product to improve the lives of sexual exhibitionists everywhere–Flash Light, the automatic, self-contained, rechargeable lighting system for the flasher of the '80s. The lights can be adjusted from spot to flood to accommodate genitals of any size. So don't be left in the dark when you do the dirty deed–use Flash Light and get caught with your pants down!





ere we see a swinger's diploma being presented to a proud graduate of the School of Hard-Knocks (Hard-Ons and Knock-Ups). This coveted bachelor degree is granted only after courses in everything from Screening Phone Calls to Spotting Social Diseases, not to mention the oral exams. barbelos 40.9100

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

January 1987

### **Snorkelers Busted**

St. Marys, Georgia-When Snorkel's Bar sponsored a nostalgia night, it seemed like harmless fun. The highlight was a competition to see who could perform the most erotic acts in the backseat of a '57 Chevy parked inside the bar. Unfortunately, one team got a little carried away and broke not only the rules of the contest, which said that the sex acts must only be simulated, but Georgia's anti-sodomy law as well. The overenthusiastic couple, the bar's two co-owners and the manager have all been arrested on felony sodomy charges. There should be no lack of witnesses, since the incident was replayed repeatedly on the bar's big-screen television.

### I Do, I Did, I'm Done

Tehran, Iran-Evidently, there is a solution at hand to prevent men, 15-25 years of age, from "going crazy" due to sexual deprivation in the highly restrictive, Shiite Moslem country of Iran. Speaker of Par-

liament Hojatoleslam Hashemi Rafsaniani advocates the increased use of shortterm marriages, or seegheh, so that young folks can get laid without sinning. These quickie "blue ball" marriages are sometimes as brief as one hour in duration-or however long it takes to get the job done.

### **Hair-Razing Business**

Sausalito, California-Just when you thought you'd seen it all, along comes Triangle, a new beauty parlor specializing inyou guessed it-"pubic-hair sculpting and design." A hair-sculptor known as Jonathan claims he has ten to 20 customers a week at \$50 a pop. Apparently, the most frequent source of business is people who have been invited to skinny-dipping parties.

### **Ass With Class**

New York, New York-The city's hookers have taken to dressing for success. Perhaps inspired by the notorious, but classy,

# Porn From the Past



A woman's only a woman, but a good antique-smut shot is worth \$150. Send photos to "Porn from the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We pay \$150 for each photo we publish. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of photos.

### **Most Tasteless Cartoon**



"Dammit! Why can't you use the flyswatter?"

"Mayflower Madam," an increasing number of New York streetwalkers can be seen sporting business suits. According to one ladylike lady of the night, "Show class, and you get class. Make men feel comfortable, and they pay up." Another notes that it makes sense for her to dress like a successful businesswoman, because she is one.

### Here She Comes. . .

Atlantic City, New Jersey-Albert Marks, chairman of the Miss America Pageant, has declared that they will no longer announce the measurements of the contestants, due to pressure from women's groups. "I don't think anyone is interested in how a contestant is constructed," he explained somewhat unconvincingly. At least one regular Miss America viewer is quite upset. Retired professor George Miller maintains that he needs those vital statistics for his computer, in order to predict the winner ahead of time.

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Christy Canyon & Eric Edward
Is it Lust or Fantasy?



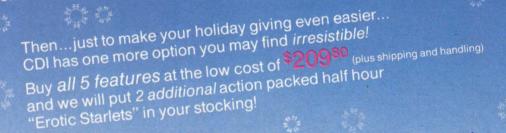
Tracey Adams Gives Steve Drake Her Heavenly Body.



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# X-RATED FILMS

### Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

### Getting Personal

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Caballero Control Corporation; directed and written by Henri Pachard; starring Colleen Brennan, Herschel Savage, Nina Hartley, Mike Horner, Rita Ricardo, Patti Petite, Tom Byron, Sharon Mitchell, Paul Thomas, Jon Martin and Blair Harris. Running time: 82 minutes.



Getting Personal: Nina Hartley lowers the poon on Herschel Savage.

As you'd expect from someone who's directed almost as many movies as Mrs. Marcos has shoes, Henri Pachard has produced his share of lemons. *Getting Personal* isn't one of them. This story of two losers trying to climb out of the gutter is a near-perfect gem of despair that sparkles through the silt that is most of adult-film "product." By turns realistic, fantastic, ironic, touching, pathetic-even goofy-there are laughs and hard-ons, but no yawns, in this sleeper.

Colleen Brennan plays Wanda, a hooker, and Herschel Savage, Willie, an immigrant who pays her to marry him so he can become a U.S. citizen. Their lives are so precarious that they'll tackle any scheme or scam to get ahead. But no matter what they do, they never seem to get much beyond square one.

Attempting to score some bucks, Willie and Lucile (Rita Ricardo), another hooker, work a scam on dopey john Mike Horner that gets \$3,000 out of him, but naive, trusting Willie leaves it with Lucile, who never shows up to split it with him and Wanda.

In the strangest scene, Brennan, Savage and Paul Thomas make it with Sharon Mitchell in

the men's room of a bar. Mitchell, playing a kinky rich bitch, winds up leaning back into a toilet, her hair floating in the bowl. She eats Brennan's snatch while Thomas beats off and Savage looks on, bewildered.

Unfortunately, the money they receive for this gig goes to pay back loan shark Jimmy the Jinx. Desperate, Wanda agrees to break in two youthful runaways (Tom Byron and Patti Petite) who Jimmy wants to use in a live-sex show. It turns out that they're brother and sister-though they pretend they're not. Hating herself, but needing the money, Wanda acts as if she doesn't know their secret and fondles and sucks the two of them, bringing them to the point of no return. When she insistently urges them first to suck each other, then to fuck, they're unable to resist. This powerful scene is intensely exciting and incredibly erotic.

When Willie expresses his disgust-and fear that his life is going to be a series of sleazy events— Wanda replies, resignedly, "Welcome to America, Willie."

Because of the nature of this film the sex is not consistently erotic, but it's integrated into the plot remarkably well. Good writing, excellent performances and insightful moments—such as hooker Wanda's inability to kiss Willie even as they consummate their marriage—make Getting Personal top-priority viewing. –D. O.

### Beyond Desire



Half Erect. Produced by Jim Malibu; directed and written by Tim McDonald; starring John Leslie, Seka, Vanessa Del Rio, Nina Hartley, Patti Petite, Francois Papillon, Joey Silvera, Jon Martin, Billy Dee, Kristara Barrington, Gina Carrera, Rene Lovins, Mike Horner, D. J. Cone, Marie Lawrence, Little Oral Annie and Rocky Haynes. Running time: 81 minutes.

There is a better title for this movie: Beyond Comprehension. It's hard to believe that such an ordinary film could be shot-actually, it looks more assembled than shot-using such extraordinary talent. Seka, Vanessa Del Rio, John Leslie, Little Oral Annie, Nina Hartley, Kristara Barrington, Patti Petite are all exceptional performers, wasted, for the most part, in one of the most humdrum movies of the year.

The story? It opens with private dick Mark Lowe (Leslie) in a coffin surrounded by weeping dames. His voice-over narration gets things rolling, and we flashback to the day he was hired to move into a brothel to protect it from a possible unfriendly takeover by an unnamed and unknown hood. It's a bit out of his line, but at triple his day-rate, Lowe can't refuse.

What follows is as suspenseful as a TV commercial. The girls take a shine to Lowe and insist on taking turns fucking him. They wear him out. He figures he'd better get out of there before the ladies fuck him to death. Idea! He lines up a kindly older gent as his replacement, allows himself to be had one more time, then "dies," a victim of sexual OD. Lowe's ruse is discovered, however, because he gets a boner, listening to his mourners talking sex. One of the girls spots the bulge, and they all rush the casket

for more dick. And here he'd thought he was *Beyond Desire*.

Direction, photography, script and editing are generally below par, but, this said, there are three reasons to watch this movie: Nina Hartley, Patti Petite and Vanessa Del Rio.

Hartley (for some reason wearing a black wig-try not to let it bother you) has a scene with Seka and Francois Papillon in which she is a virtual sexual praying mantis: She practically consumes her partners. While Francois is plugging Seka's pussy, Hartley is busy rimming the blond legend's asshole, and when Francois comes, she yanks his dick out of Seka's cunt and gobbles his goo.

Petite is equally voracious, sucking on Joey Silvera's and Jon

ring Missy, James Martin, Friday Jones and Andrew Young. Running time: 73 minutes.

Ignoring the old adage, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it," the Mitchell Brothers have succumbed to sequelmania and remade their 1972 classic film. Though more elaborate, and better technically, than *Green Door I*, this version desperately needs a star with the intensity and abandon of Marilyn Chambers. As lovely as Missy (a sort of force-fed Candi Evans) is, intensity and abandon are not her trademarks—and she has to carry the whole picture.

Billed as the "first safe-sex movie"—no sex act is performed without an AIDS-preventive device—*Behind* is part public-service



Missy and Friday Jones are in limbo in Green Door: The Sequel.

Martin's cocks at the same time, then getting her tunnel o' fudge dorked by Silvera.

In Vanessa's scene (these are all cameo appearances, we never see these ladies again) her john wears a strap-on dildo, which he shoves along with his cock into her cunt—a one-man double-penetration!

Except for these scenes there's not much of interest about *Beyond Desire*. Maybe the title is appropriate after all. –*D. O.* 

Behind the Green Door: The Sequel

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by Mitchell Brothers' Film Group; directed by Jim Mitchell, Artie Mitchell and Sharon McKnight; written by Jim Mitchell, Artie Mitchell, Sharon McKnight and Dan O'Neill; star-

announcement, part publicity stunt, part put-on (these are the guys, remember, who made Sodom and Gomorrah because a bluenose judge proclaimed that their films violated the community standards of even those two infamous cities), and part fuck film. The least of its parts is the fucking. Forty long minutesmore than half the movie-crawl by before anything sexually noteworthy happens. When sex finally does rear its head, it keeps rearing until the flick ends, but some of the action is faked, and much of the rest dwells more on cocks than pussy. But maybe that's the point of a safe-sex film: If you're not turned-on, you're not likely to want to have sex. What could be safer than that?

This eccentric commercial for condoms centers on the shared fantasy of Gloria (Missy), a stewardess, ·and her mysterious neighbor, Barry (James Martin), a wheelchair-confined Vietnam



Beyond Desire: Voracious Nina Hartley pulls the pud out from under Seka.

vet who spies on her from across the courtyard. Their electronically induced dream places them in a sex club where Gloria is the star performer.

For the main event Gloria sucks on the condomized dicks of three strapping fellows who are sitting on trapezes, and is then fucked-rather well-by partman/part-goat Pan (Andrew Young), ancient Greece's god of fertility-who also, ironically, is wearing a rubber. The club dissolves to Gloria's bed for a simulated fuck with Martin, after which she screws a co-pilot (Friday Jones) who'd propositioned her earlier.

Green Door: The Sequel is intriguingly different from any other movie you're likely to see, and is not without merit. What is meritorious, however, is primarily technical-editing, photography, costumes and makeup, in particular-while the erotic payoff is just not big enough. And with so much condom-wearing, it's not surprising that there's nary a splash of semen on the screen. Cum-shot devotees will have to supply their own-but they may have to watch something else for inspiration. -D. O.

### Harem Girls

Half Erect. Produced by Sonny Francis; directed by Jack Remy; written by Al Wayze and Hugh Jordan; starring Barbara Dare, Herschel Savage, Keisha, Tiffanie Storm, Sandy Summers, Virginia Paymore, Tasha Voux, Ashley Welles, Ron Jeremy,



Barbara Dare is an orgasmic oasis in Harem Girls' parched plot.



Harem Girls: It takes two desert sluts to make the mighty Sultan come.

George Payne and Michael Knight. Running time: 79 minutes.

Harem Girls is what happens when a filmmaker who's watched too many Maria Montez movies on late-night TV gets locked overnight in a wholesale fabric store. Silly even by porn standards, this soundstage Sahara careens between camp, real humor and an embarrassing seriousness—with lines such as, "Which one of you two desert sluts can make the mightly sultan come first?" combining a little of each.

Here, with a straight face, mostly, is the plot: Grand Vizier George Payne advises Sultan Herschel Savage that his people are getting "troublesome" because he's not married. The Sultan, though content with his harem girls, most of whom are undeniably more appealing than the local livestock, agrees to con-

sider the matter, then proceeds to find out which of those two desert sluts can make the mighty sultan come first.

A messenger is dispatched across the sands to buy Barbara Dare, a "refined European actress" filming on location a few oases away. Insulted, Dare scorns the offer to buy, but a closer look at the size of the diamond the sultan is prepared to lay on her convinces her that there are indeed worse things than fucking Herschel Savage in a sandstorm.

Meanwhile, after a fairly good screw, Ron Jeremy sends Keishawho, by the way, really knows how to handle Jeremy's ten inches—to kill Savage so he can be Ruler of the Sands, and Keisha, his Queen. Infiltrating the harem, Keisha arranges the demise of the Sultan.

While Dare, prior to being handed over to Savage, is being oiled up by a pair of desert dykes—who are starved for some refined European-actress pussy themselves—Tasha Voux and Sandy Summers distract a guard (Michael Knight) by licking his camel prod so the assassin (Tiffanie Storm) can hide among the pillows in the Sultan's tent.

Dare and Savage fuck. There's a simultaneous celebratory orgy, and when Savage comes, everyone comes. Storm strikes, but misses. Savage turns the perpetrators over to Dare, who sets them freebut suggests they not try it again. Savage asks Dare to marry him; she says she'll stick around if he gets rid of his harem. The frame freezes on smirking faces. Finis.

Still, it does have Barbara Dare.

# ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER's EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. The films below may be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

### Fully Erect

Devil in Miss Jones III She's So Fine Snake Eyes Star Angel Taboo IV Trashy Lady Wild Things

### Three-Quarters Erect

Angels of Passion
Desperate Women
Double Standards
Every Woman Has a Fantasy, Part II
Fashion Fantasies
Irresistible II
Play Me Again, Vanessa
Rated Sex
The Ecstasy Girls II
The Oddest Couple
The Voyeur
Thought You'd Never Ask

### Half Erect

A Coming of Angels-The Sequel A Passage Thru Pamela Beverly Hills Cox Bisexual Fantasies Caught From Behind 6 Corporate Affairs Gettin' Ready Pleasure Maze Sex Loose Sex Wars Taxi Girls, Part II The Comeback of Marilyn The Red Garter Working Girls

### One-Quarter Erect

If My Mother Only Knew Lilith Unleashed Sexline Sexually Altered States Sounds of Sex Suzie Superstar II The Good Time Girls

### Totally Limp

For Services Rendered Sex Drive

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're gelting

### RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
A well-made film.
HALF ERECT

So-so. Limited appeal.

ONE-OUARTER ERECT

Poor. Don't expect much.

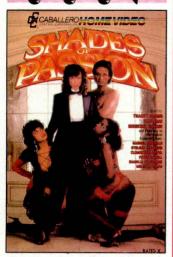
TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

# PORNPOURRI

### Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 50,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

# Shades of Passion



(Caballero Home Video) Not only does this Paris-based pud-pleaser feature a mixed cast of Yanks and Frogs, but it also crosses racial boundaries. In any language or color, Shades is a sizzler that brings Tracey Adams, Herschel Savage and Taija Rae face-to-face and cock-to-pussy with a passel of Parisian pornstars. While Adams and Rae are busy with each other, Savage and Eurostud Gabriel

Pontello find themselves up to their ears in gorgeous girls. Savage's munching of Clementine Mayol's French pastry gets her so hot, she practically inhales his cock. The fuck they share is also noteworthy. These French babes, though not all prize winners in the looks department, are nicely built and really put their hearts into the action. Pontello boffs a beauty named Jennifer, then jams his uncut beef baguette up her "Rue de Hershey" for a cuminducing session of derrieredrilling-and that's before lovely Clementine joins the fun. The scene ends in slo-mo volleys of Pontello's pecker-potion raining down on the buns and beavers of the French bimbos. For the bored and jaded porn-viewer, Shades of Passion is a breath of fresh air. New faces and bodies with advanced continental skill and enthusiasm make this sexvid a winner. C'est bone! -Bill Butler

# Smooth Operator

(Arrow Video) This sleazy bit of scum-work is crafted around the spoken-word fantasies of three

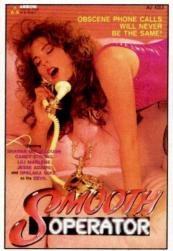


Eurocooze Gyslene Ker-David is one of Shades of Passion's fresh faces.



Video Bone: Newcomer Debra Areola is all wrapped up in her work.

phone-sex sluts (Shanna McCullough, Lili Marlene and Candy Strong). Smooth has two boy/girl boffs, a three-guy gang-up on a misguided blonde, and an un-



stunning girl/girl slopfest that's busted into by a dude who dicks the dogs' anal doughnuts. Freshfaced as ever, Nikki Charm avidly sucks and fucks Buck Adams, but instead of climaxing with a thick, white load on Nikki's angelic lips, the scene ends disappointingly by cutting to Strong jerking off. Though McCullough and Don Fernando cap an adequate fuck with a full facial, Smooth Operator's high point is mop-top poptart Debra Areola, dressed in open-ass red pantyhose, undergoing a triple-dick onslaught. This is old-style porn, and the trio of studs plugs away mechanically toward the splats. The closing butt-fucks of Marlene and Strong by Jesse Adams are just as grim in their way. Many of these segments will make popular peepshow fodder, but if you're looking for a really smooth operator, -Christian Shapiro try Ex-Lax.

# Videobone

(Wet Video) The technical quality sucks in this cum-shooting offshoot of the mainstream film, Videodrome. Mike Horner stars as a guy who becomes increasingly involved with his smut-filled video screens. A saucy and sassy blond slut (Gayle Sterling) taunts Horner from the TV, her breathy voice and wickedly tipped tongue drawing him further from reality and deeper into fantasy. Sterling presents a series of fucks on the cathode-ray tube that are beyond the realm of Horner's wirelessremote control, and he eventually joins her in TV land. Leading up to Horner plunging through the videoglass are four steamy screws, including Jesse Adams and Don Fernando porking Debra Areola to pieces after body-painting her and wrapping her torso in cellophane. Areola is then ass-attacked with such ferocity by Adams that she drops Fernando's cock out of her mouth while she rides out the



butt-hole blitz. The remaining fucks feature up-tempo tarts climaxed by flying-spunk facials that make this a video for bones.

### Chastity and the Starlets

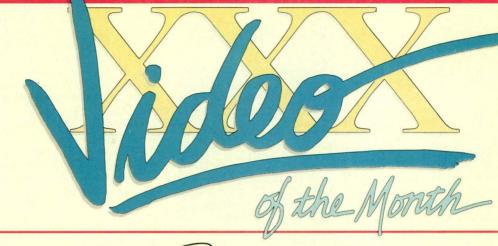
(Rainbow Video) Chastity contains some intriguing early black-andwhite fuck-film footage, interesting color scenes (the underwater stuff is great) that include some John Holmes picked up from other films the producer owns, fairly steamy sex and above-average technical quality. The tired story is a sexualization of The Wizard of Oz that tries to be witty and rarely is. Watch for an excellent blowjob of Tom Byron's knob by Taija Rae, an arousing Jessica Wylde/John Leslie screw, and a finale (Rae and Byron, again) that features some inspiring pussy-eating and a nice com-



bination of surgical close-ups and tender passion. Amber Lynn and Steve Drake hump on and off throughout, and Joanna Storm heats things up in her scene with Leslie. Mr. Stubbs, the teddy bear that Rae lugs around with her on her odyssey, and who has appeared in almost as many videos as Amber, should be retired. -D. O.

# Treasure Box

(Penguin Productions) A number of usually hot performers just go through the motions in this dimwitted tale of two fishermen (Jesse Adams and Shone Taylor) who find some gold in a lake. That's about all the story there is. The two spend the rest of the



Dr. Penetration

Directed by Alex DeRenzy.

Starring Stacey Donovan, Herschel Savage, Melissa Melendez, Sheri St. Clair, Dick Rambone, Lois

Ayres, Taija Rae, Tom Byron, Brittany Stryker, Field Marshal Bradley and William Lee.

Videocassette by Wet Video.

Dr. Penetration has everything that HUSTLER likes to see on the screen: beautiful girls getting skewered by semen-spurting studs, superior production values, top-notch script, directing and editing-and our name above the title. That's right. Dr. Penetra-Video line. So how can we review



tion is the first of the HUSTLER Just what the Doctor ordered: Melissa Melendez and 'lobster monster' Rambone.

a HUSTLER video? Easy. Read DeRenzy resulted in the wildly Strangelove and The Rocky Horror this: The talents of producer funny Dr. Penetration, a sex- Picture Show. You may not care



Brittany Stryker and the "magic" johnson

Gregory Dark and director Alex mutant cross between Dr. that Dr. P. is the definitive mad scientist sexvid. You will care about Melissa Melendez and Sheri St. Clair sliding around with a double-dong in two quarts of baby oil; Tom Byron and Field Marshal Bradley double-plugging Brittany Stryker, climaxing with Bradley's magic johnson shooting a stream of cum worthy of Peter North; the astonishing I-can-do-anything-with-a-smileon-my-face St. Clair being buttfucked by Herschel Savage; Savage and Stacey Donovan's leather-and-latex liaison; and Melendez coaxing Dick 151/2" Rambone to almost full length. Some of the sex may be a bit too hectic for some tastes, and De-Renzy's trademark lens work isn't always apparent, but Dr. Penetration hardly suffers from these minor flaws. Never fear, this is one doctor you'll be happy to see.

tape trying to keep their find from their wives (Gina Carrera and Kimberly Carson), while waiting for a banker to arrive to appraise the booty. That leaves loads of time for fucking and sucking, most of which is quite tame. Tamara Longley does add a little zest to the proceedings when she gets stuffed at both ends by Taylor and Adams. Carrera also has a few good moments eating Carson's quim. John Holmes even turns up to slide his 131/2" into Karen Summer! The remaining sex scenes, however, are fairly ordinary, and the closing orgy is decidedly lackluster. It's a shame to see such prime pussy as Carson, Carrera and Summer not getting the slam-



ming they deserve. Treasure Box is full of fool's gold-a real sunken chest. -Sam Lowry

### Girls on F Street

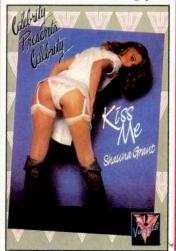
(Adult Video Corporation) In this routine raunch epic Jerry Butler plays the leader of a cooze-heavy combo that includes Patti Petite, Sharon Mitchell and Amber Lynn. When Butler writes a new song, the group quickly discovers that the ditty has an aphrodisiac effect-everyone who hears it wants to fuck. Butler bangs luscious Lynn; Buddy Love and chocolate cupcake Angel Kelly suck, gobble and bump to the beat; Sharon Mitchell, armed with the tune, is able to seduce the local homo (Randy West) and, well, you get the idea. There's an average helping of humpings and slurpings here, but the script is so dumb, the acting so listless and the direction so clumsy, the viewer is left wondering why anyone



bothered. Girls on F Street isn't the worst tape you'll ever see. It offends because it's so average. There are great videos made today-this isn't one of them.

### Celebrity Presents Celebrity

(Visual Entertainment Productions) Decent things can often be said for collection tapes, especially those that dredge up classic, flesh-burning scenes worthy of a re-look. In other instances, however, collection tapes are thrown together merely to make a few bucks for the producer or distributor. Celeb Presents Celeb represents an exercise in the latter and is-with the exception of one excellent threeway with Ron Jeremy, Desiree Lane and Crystal Lovin-a waste of time and effort. The video is pickup footage from the Bobby Hollander Centerfold Celebrity series-a fine line of inventive and entertaining porn



when viewed in complete editions. Here, though, scenes are thrown together, prefaced by graphics of X-rated-magazine reviews, with little or no pace or style. What's most frustrating is that the scenes, for the most part, are boring. An old John Leslie/ Amber Lynn fuck 'n' suck moves at snail speed; Nick Random and Tantala's S&M romp is annoying and difficult to watch; and Athena Star gives R. Bolla what must be the worst blowjob ever filmed. Rent something else.

### She-Male Vacation

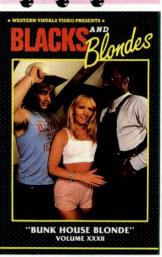
(Vidco) If you like the idea of finding something long and stiff under a dress, you might experience a few moments of excitement in this mainly disappointing 60minute tape. This is not one of director Kim Christy's better kinkvids, but it does feature three rather attractive and very feminine she-males. They get hard too, although they never come. Vacation's major flaw is its almost



complete lack of intensity: In two of the three sex scenes there isn't much chemistry between the performers, even though Sheri St. Clair does gobble Summer St. Cerly's thick black dick with a certain amount of hunger in the first. In the last, Angie Lai gets together with Craig Roberts and Lois Ayres, but basically just lies there looking good and offering little except her big cock. Sandwiched between these yawns is China Kitty, easily the hottest and prettiest of the "girls." China has a great body, a superb hairless ass, and is a wild little fuck. Her romp with Jake Rodgers, in which she, ass up and black hair

flying, arches her back and tells him to "kiss it," generates some serious heat. Technically, the video is just adequate. The light-ing is okay, but there are too many close-ups, and the music is repetitious. There has to be better out there. -Scott Mallory

### Blacks and Blondes, Vol. XXXII



(Western Visuals) This 30-minute exercise in integrated sleaze is a tasty morsel for gutter-fed slime fiends. Segment 32 of this series, "Bunk House Blonde," is an extended sex scene featuring Field Marshal Bradley and Steve Powers as good-natured, interracial, down-home dicks dorking Tanya Foxx as a demented white-trash slut. Almost every angle of entry is covered; Foxx wedges both dick heads together in her mouth. The climax is a long, steady double-penetration with Bradley stuffing his stuff in her cunt and Powers plugging into her ass, inspiring Bradley to caution: "Careful, we don't want her to be the next space shuttle."

### **SEX VIDEO** RATING GUIDE









Above average. Hard-on material.

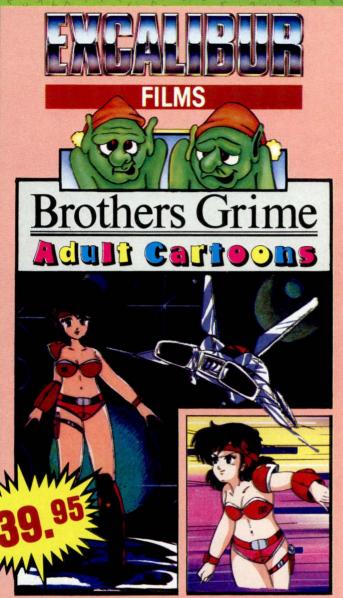




Standard video fare. Has moments.



Little to recommend. Desperation time.



Starring: Princess Layme, Princess Orgasma, Pussy La'Mour, Medoosha, Mark Starkiller, Tar Yag, and Gonad, the Barbarian.

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  RANDY, THE ELECTRIC LADY FAT AT THE BLUE FOX 800 FANTASY LANE ROMANCING THE BONE FIONA ON FIRE 7 INTO SNOWY FIRST TIME AT CHERRY HIGH SEX BOAT FROM RUSSIA WITH LUST SEX SPA USA GARTERS & LACE SEX WORLD SEXCAPADES GOOD, THE BAD & THE HORNY STAR 84 STAR VIRGIN HANKY PANKY ☐ HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES SURRENDER IN PARADISE HOSTAGE GIRLS ☐ HOT DALLAS NIGHTS THE TOA FLESH ☐ HOT FUDGE ☐ VANESSA MAID IN MANHATTAN
- INDIANA JOAN □ VIVA VANESSA - THE UNDRESSER ☐ Please send Bros. Grime Cartoon @ \$39.95 + 3.00 s/h = \$42.95. ☐ Please send the following discount movie(s) @ \$28.95 + 3.00 per movie s/h = \$31.95 (Calif. residents add 6% sales tax) (exchange forms will be sent with order) □ VHS format □ BETA format □ Please send color catalog SIGNATURE\_\_\_\_ I AM OF LEGAL AGE NAME ADDRESS . STATE \_\_\_ ZIP\_ ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ CHECK Card # Exp. Date \_\_\_ Interbank#\_

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# SEX

ops who work in the sex crime division, one of the least popular units of the police department, take their jobs very seriously. This isn't just a "pussy posse." The 5% of our time spent picking up hookers comes only when they roll johns or get violent.

Our widespread investigations touch on practically every area of police work: juveniles, assaults, missing persons and homicides.

The one tie-in between all the crimes we investigate is that, in some way or another, sex has taken place against the will of the victim.

Complicating our job is that victims have developed a fear of police in situations like this. In our department, each officer's been trained to handle emotionally charged situations, and gives everything he's got to bring the victim's tormenter to trial.

Of course, we do deal with "rapes" that actually never took place. These are usually pretty easy to spot. We do a very thorough investigation, and all the facts come to light, both for and against the victim. If she's lying, we'll know before the case progresses very far.

Because of unreported sex crimes, rapists roam the streets without fear, and rape again. We have cases where a rapist starts to confess when picked up for the first time and ends up confessing to 20 or 30 rapes we knew nothing about.

Our prosecution rate is good. Of cases that make it to court, at least 75% are convicted. Some go to state prison or mental hospitals, and some are put on probation but, at least temporarily, the rapes end.

It's more and more common for the rapist to torture, beat or murder his victim. With each rape he commits, he gets braver, soon believing he can get away with anything—even coming back and raping a victim a second or third time. This is why it is so important to get victims to report the very first rape or attempted rape.

These stories run the spectrum of our investigation. Some are sickening; all are true. The names and certain details have been changed to protect the victims, but every one of these happened, maybe in your apartment building or on your street.

A 79-year-old woman was watering her garden in back of her old house

M E S

# He flipped her over on her stomach, entered her vagina long enough to lubricate his organ with her blood.

in a quiet neighborhood when she heard footsteps coming up her driveway. She turned the water off and walked to the side of her house to see who was dropping by. Her smile turned to a puzzled look as she saw a young man approaching her. He was about 6' tall, stoutly built and had a short, neatly trimmed beard.

She relaxed a little. He reminded her of her great-grandson. "May I help you?"

He said nothing. He came closer, near enough for her weak eyes to see him clearly. His eyes were set in a blank stare. He didn't seem to have a weapon.

She didn't have any money anyway. Her Social Security check was direct deposited, and there wasn't any left after her bills were paid. He'd leave when he found there was nothing to take, she thought.

He wasn't after money.

He lifted her from the ground by her bent, arthritic shoulder. There was no use fighting. He manhandled her over the small fence and threw her to the ground. As she hit on her left hip, the bone gave way, and she momentarily lost consciousness. When she regained her senses, he was standing over her, his jeans undone and his large, erect penis waving in the air.

She lay perfectly still as he lifted her "old lady" skirt and ripped away her "old lady" panties. He attempted to ram his cock into her totally unlubricated vagina. She had not had sex in more than 15 years, since the death of her husband.

She wasn't the only one in pain. He withdrew with a shriek of agony, then spit on his hand several times and rubbed the slippery saliva roughly into her orifice. Then he rammed violently into her. With every thrust, the agony became more and more unbearable, and she began to scream. Nobody heard.

Finally, he came. *Thank God, it's over*, she thought. He pulled up his jeans and disappeared through the woods behind the house.

She had to get to the house to call for help, but she was blocked by a short stone wall. Her injured hip kept her from crawling or walking. She dragged herself across the ground to the gate. She could not reach the gate release. Soon her fingers were bloody from clawing at the stones in an attempt to scale the wall. She again began to lose consciousness.

Suddenly, someone was standing over her. She opened her eyes wide and found it was her assailant. She opened her mouth to scream, but his strong hand was around her neck in a flash, cutting off the oxygen. He ripped the rest of her clothing off with his free hand. He flipped her over on her stomach, entered her vagina long enough to lubricate his organ with her blood, then rammed his penis deep into her anal passage.

She screamed and fought in dead earnest and finally broke free of his grasp, causing him to shoot his load all over her legs and back. He slapped her across the back of the head and screamed profanities at her. Then he stopped screaming and began to apologize. He looked with horror at her hip. Instinctively, her hand went to the painful area. Her femur protruded several inches from a large, bloody gash.

"All I wanted was your pussy. I didn't mean to hurt you," he said, and jumped the wall and disappeared.

She dared not move for fear of further injuring the hip. Her clothing in shreds, she managed to pull some together to cover her nakedness. But soon in the night chill she was shivering with cold. Her breasts hurt where they had been cruelly squeezed. (The perpetrator's hand prints were huge bruises.)

At last, the sun came up. She heard the mailman drive by, and she screamed, but he didn't hear her. The sun beat down, and she pulled the water hose over and let a few drops trickle down into her mouth and onto her wounds.

Twenty-seven hours after her ordeal began, she was found by a neighbor girl taking a shortcut across her yard.

Her attacker was caught, tried and convicted. Because he was a juvenile, he was sentenced to probation and 25 hours of public-service work in a local nursing home. Fortunately, he never showed up to fulfill his obligation.

He was arrested some months later for the kidnap, rape and murder of a fiveyear-old girl. This time he was 18. Facing the electric chair, he hanged himself in his cell while awaiting trial.

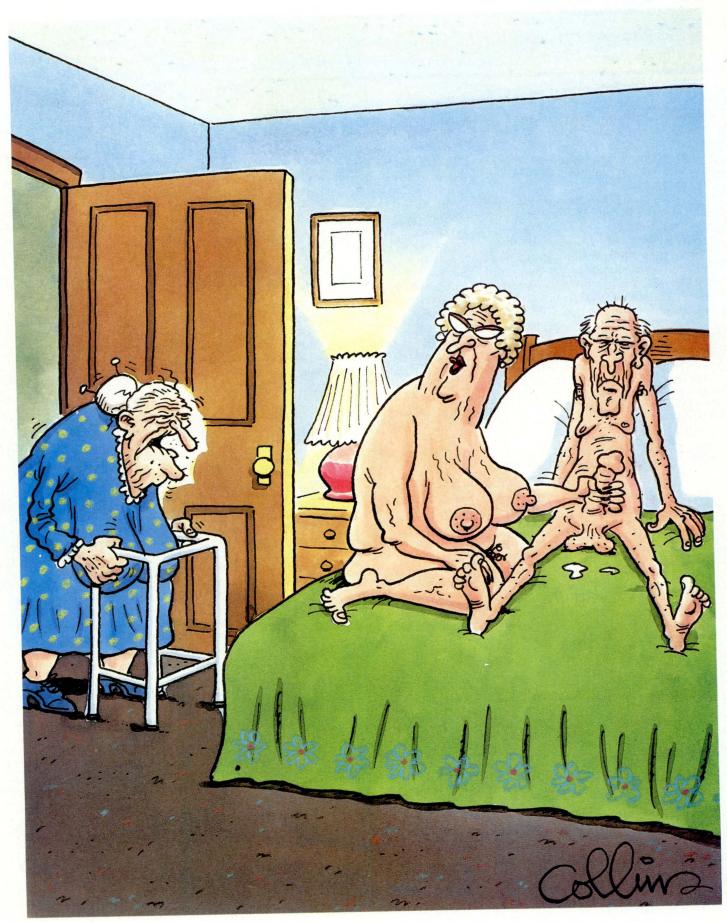
Her official name will always be Jane Doe #147. We called her Maggot Molly.

There was no tissue left on her fingers to help identify her remains. We've been unable to identify her through dental records, which only help when you have an idea of who the victim is; they affirm what you suspect.

A few feet from the remains was a purse containing \$71. The motive wasn't robbery. The wrists were securely tied behind the back with expensive, pink-silk



"Come along home, dear. Sooner or later we have to let our daughter live her own life. . . . "



"You son of a bitch! After all the years I've given you, you take up with a younger woman!"

# Blood and cerebral fluid left a trail from the cavity that had been John's head to the shriveled-up brain tissue.

panties. A pair of designer jeans were on the ground nearby. The corpse was found by highway workers in the woods by the freeway, as were seven other bodies over the past two years.

Judging from the evidence surrounding this body and the facts of the other killings, this was a random rape-murder. The victim probably picked up a hitchhiker or stopped to help a "stranded motorist," and died for her kindness.

The main difference between this body and the others is that, although the body had only been there a few weeks, every particle of tissue had been consumed by maggots, leaving a clean skeleton. The evidence photos don't appear to show a body at all, but a large mass of slimy, white maggots covering the ground in the shape of a body.

This type of case can nauseate the most experienced cop, but it's easier to handle than some. You don't have to deal with the victim as a human being.

In cases where you ID a body, it's impossible to imagine that the mass of slime and bones on the ground could possibly have any relation to the face looking at

you from the high-school yearbook that grieving parents drag out at times like these.

The most horrendous sex-crime cases are the fresh-mutilation murders. Many perpetrators seem to become angry at themselves or their victims and repeatedly stab the breasts and genitals of the victim until the torso resembles a bloody lump of ground round. Breasts are amputated and vaginas are gouged out in minor-mutilation cases.

For sheer blood and gore the worst mutilation case I have ever worked was John and Mary Stein.

Mary had been seeing another man. She wanted a divorce. John sought counseling and talked things over with his minister, but pictures of his wife and the other man kept running through his mind. He imagined her doing all the things with her new boyfriend that she used to do with him. The most he could expect was an occasional unenthusiastic fuck. There was no passion left.

According to the coroner's report, she was probably totally unaware of her own murder, killed with the first blast of 9mm

lead from an Ingram M.A.C. 10 that John snuck in under his jacket. He emptied approximately 200 rounds of ammunition into Mary's body, concentrating most of the fire between her legs and into her breasts, cutting her into three pieces. He shot the remainder of the rounds he carried into random targets in the house until 33 32-shot clips lay empty on the floor.

When there were no bullets left in the machine gun, John took a .357 Magnum revolver from his shoulder holster and placed the barrel under his chin. The hollow-point bullet removed his brain in one piece through the the top of his head and slid it intact across the floor into the bedroom 20 feet away. A mixture of blood and cerebral fluid left an 18" trail from the cavity that had been John's head to the shriveled-up mass of brain tissue.

The house itself was so weakened by the hundreds of bullets that hit supporting beams, that a good part of it had to be razed and reconstructed. After a closedcasket funeral, John and Mary were laid to rest, side by side under the same tombstone.

Lora hadn't seen the light of day for more than 18 years. That's how long she had been imprisoned in the  $10' \times 12'$  bedroom with the windows bricked up and the door bolted from the outside. She might never have been found but for a chlorine-gas leak that forced evacuation of her neighborhood. A fireman, hearing quiet sobbing coming from inside a house, broke through the barricaded door and discovered Lora cowering in the corner, shielding her eyes from her first dose of natural sunlight in years.

As her eyes adjusted to the light, she screamed in terror. She hadn't seen anyone but her brother in almost two decades. In his chemical-proof silver jumpsuit, helmet and oxygen mask, the fireman looked like something from Mars.

The fireman was almost as startled as the emaciated 60-pound woman sitting on a filthy mattress on a floor covered by rotting food and human excrement. In her late 30's, Lora looked at least 70.

After the sun had set, Lora was transferred to a hospital, where she was kept in a darkened room and fed intravenously until she began to regain her strength. Her story emerged in the language of a five or six-year-old child.

She had been dating a nice young man who was studying to be a doctor. Her mother liked him, as did her brother. They planned to be married as soon as he finished his pre-med courses. But neither could wait for marriage, and on a moonlit night in the backseat of his '62 Chevy,

(continued on page 40)

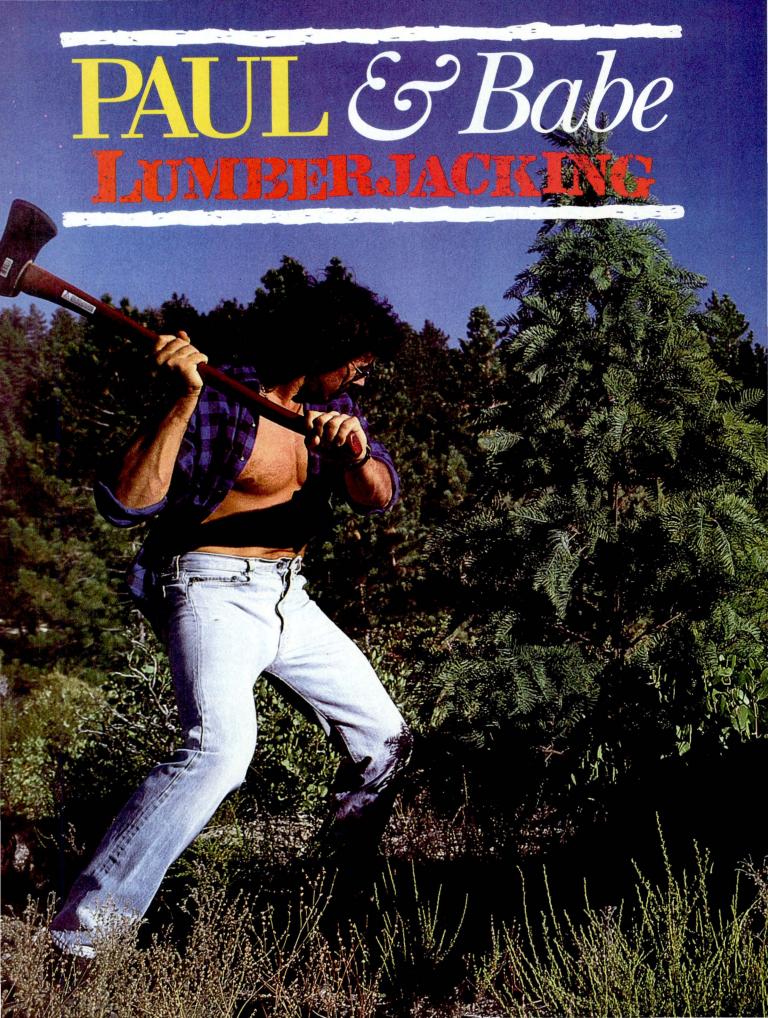
### CHRISTMAS GIFT COUNSELING



"I need to buy something nice for a 42-year-old ballbuster!"



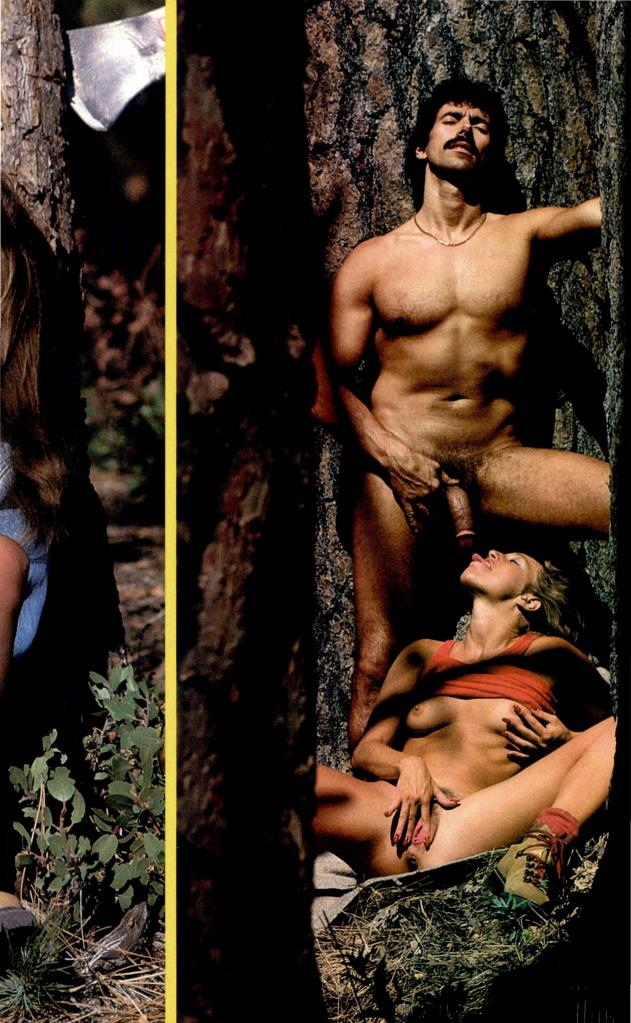
"So, Santa, is that a roll of bologna in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

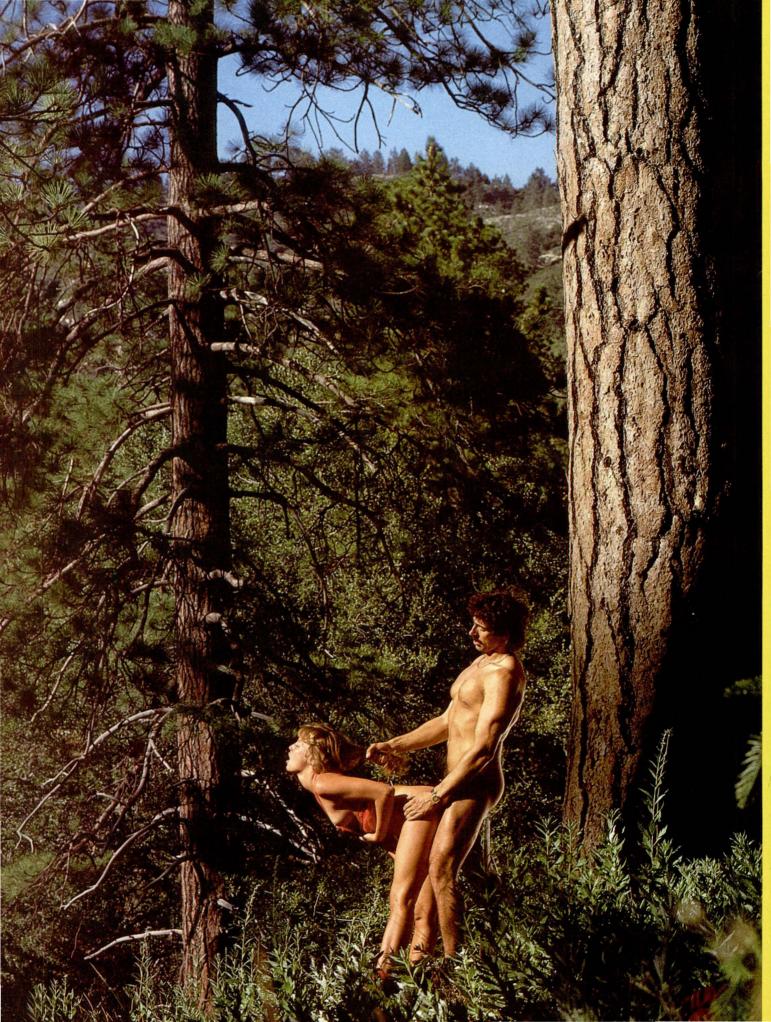


n the land of towering pines, while Paul topples a yule sapling, Babe rests her bunions and lifts her top to cool off from the sweaty endeavors. Soon Paul's timber is turgid from the sight of his playful companion, and he moves his grip from his ax handle to his own cleaving stick. Babe much prefers draining the sap from Paul's naughty pine to working a saw. She remembers the old saw: "If a couple comes in a forest, can anyone hear them yodel?" After Babe rolls Paul's log, and he proves that his bark is as big as his bite, they truck their trunks back to the lodge. There they'll rekindle their fire and get some bare skin on the rug.

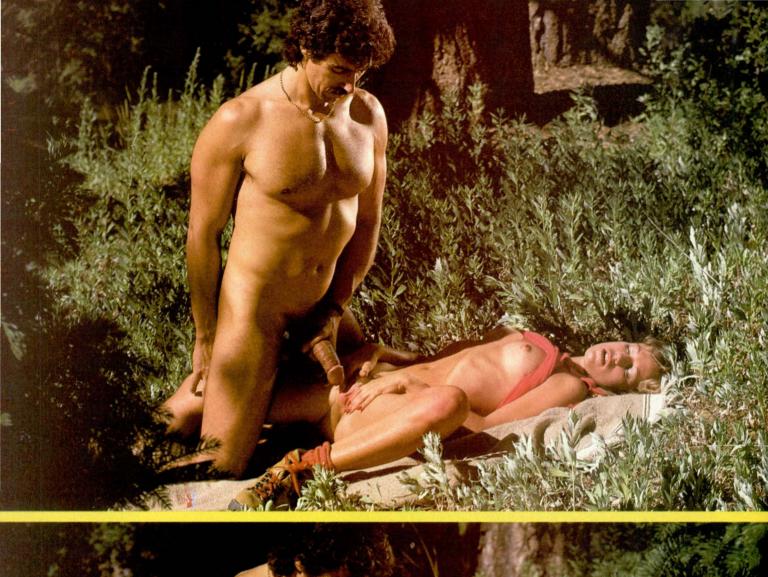




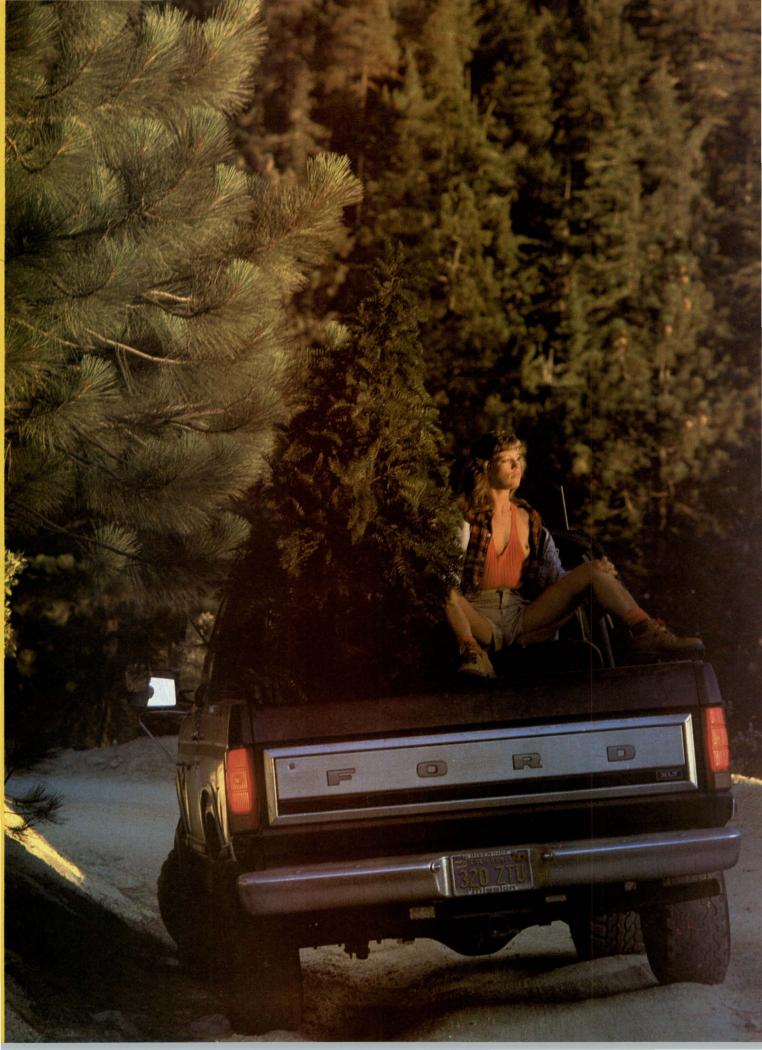












### SEX CRIMES (continued from page 30)

## The two of them tied her to the bed, shaved her pubic area, then raped her both anally and vaginally.

Lora surrendered her virginity to the man she loved.

It was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to her, and she had to share it with someone. With a huge smile, she related the details of the evening to her closest friend, her mother.

Her mother wasn't amused. Now it was up to her to save Lora from herself. Enlisting the help of Lora's brother, she went to work.

As Lora slept, her brother quietly worked with mortar and bricks, permanently closing the bedroom windows. All of her personal belongings were removed except for the bed she slept on and the panties she was wearing. The door was secured from the outside with two large, sliding bolts.

A day or two later, Lora's fiancé received a letter, supposedly from Lora, saying that she didn't really love him and was moving west to forget him. The family never heard from him again.

For weeks she cried, prayed, screamed and refused to eat, but finally, after being force fed by her mother and brother, she decided that maybe if she cooperated, this living hell would soon be over. It had just begun.

One day the door to her room was accidentally left unlocked. Like a flash she was running through the house toward the front door. She suddenly realized that, except for her cotton panties, she was totally naked. Her modesty made her hesitate. That moment of hesitation proved to be her downfall.

As punishment, her panties and bedclothes were taken. She was tied, naked, to the bedpost, her hands freed only to allow her to eat and go to the bathroom. During the next couple of years she remained naked, only allowed panties during her period. In cool weather, she had a sheet and a blanket.

Lora has no idea when her mother died. She only knows that, suddenly, her brother was taking care of her by himself. At first he was kinder than her mother had been. He allowed her to have some clothes, a few books and some paper to keep a journal.

When he began to drink heavily, things worsened. He didn't bring her food for days on end, and her clothes were never

laundered. At first she washed her things out in the small sink in her bathroom, but as the weather warmed, she went naked.

Her brother came home in the early hours of the morning, horny and reeking of booze. She didn't hear him come into the room. She was first conscious of his presence when he turned her over on her back and felt between her legs.

She tried to fight him off, but, jerking her legs violently apart, he embedded his penis in her dry vagina. It only took a couple of thrusts. He came almost immediately and left as quietly as he had come in. This, only her second sexual experience, had been terrible.

The next morning she awoke to find her brother on his knees beside her bed, sobbing like a child. He told her how sorry he was. Lora thought this was her chance. Taking his head into her arms, she asked him to free her from her prison. He hurled her back onto the bed and beat her without mercy. Then, as her consciousness faded, he again raped her.

It became a ritual, but finally fear made him stop for a while. Lora was visibly pregnant.

A couple of weeks after she began to show, her brother brought a "doctor" to see her. The two of them tied her to the bed, shaved her pubic area, raped her both anally and vaginally, then, inserting a coathanger deep into her womb, the "doctor" ended the pregnancy.

Lora was lucky to survive this homebrew abortion. She bled for days. After the bleeding stopped, she never had a period again. She lost drastic amounts of weight, and her hair and teeth began to fall out. Doctors estimate that she could not have survived another month had she not been found.

Now, 19 years after her ordeal began, Lora is free. She has put on weight and looks nearly normal, although her premature aging cannot be reversed. Her mind will always be that of a child. Brother and sister reside in separate mental hospitals. He spends most of his time restrained to his bed, mumbling baby talk and foaming at the mouth. When he was arrested, something inside him snapped. His violent outbursts are beyond the control of the hospital staff. He is safe from himself and from people on the outside who would like to see him shot.

Not all the crazies get locked up. For every Ted Bundy there are a dozen who are never caught. A lot of them seem to have a sixth sense about when we're on their trail and, just when we think we have them, the crimes stop and the perpetrators disappear forever.

Others feel guilty and suddenly walk into the police station. "Here I am," they (continued on page 80)



"Boy, when you come, you really come!"



# The downed DC-9 tore a swath through the residential neighborhood and spewed a rain of body parts.

No one needs to be told what might have happened if the plane had blown up half an hour earlier, or 20 minutes later, when it was loaded with passengers. These fiery scenes of sudden death in packed airliners are the professional terrorist's stock in trade. No fanatical revolutionary organization claimed credit for the August explosion. Sources close to the current Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) and National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) investigation say an oxygen tank exploded, and the neartragedy may have been the result of poor maintenance and inspection, two factors that are doing more than any deranged terrorist to put fear in the airways.

In early September 1986, as the rest of the nation was gripped by the drama of two Americans killed in a hijacked jet on a Pakistani runway, the California community of Cerritos was still grieving over the midair collision of an Aeromexico DC-9 and a four-passenger Piper Archer. The downed DC-9 tore a swath through the residential neighborhood and spewed a rain of body parts on homes for blocks around. More than 80 people died, in the

air and on the ground. The air-traffic controller charting the flight was working two jobs at once.

Last year approximately 7 million commercial and commuter flights criss-crossed the American skies, carrying more than 351 million passengers. These human beings, who depend on the aviation system to provide as much safety as possible from both a technological and human standpoint, are being sold a pig in the poke.

The harsh reality is that U.S. aviation products are falling from the sky. U.S.-made engines are falling off or blowing up, and the overcrowded American airtraffic system has been an aggravating factor in numerous major collisions and near-collisions.

Industry observers say that when Congress drop-kicked the airline industry out of regulated federal protection—leaving it to the vicissitudes of free-market enterprise—it placed the responsibility for maintaining airline safety on the back of the FAA, which overwhelmed the understaffed, under-budgeted federal agency.

Air-safety advocates, such as John Gali-

MANE INSTERS



"What do you look for most in a man? Understanding? Sensitivity? What?"

pault, director of the Aviation Safety Institute, feel that deregulation has caused problems. When asked if flying is safer today, he responded, "I think it's deteriorated some."

How many catastrophes in the sky do we need before the public realizes the truth about the aviation industry?

According to the FAA's management philosophy pamphlet for fiscal year 1986: "The mission of the FAA, the role of the agency, and our reason for being, is service to the nation by providing a safe and efficient aviation system that contributes to national security and the promotion of U.S. aviation."

As stated, the FAA has two major responsibilities: One is to promote aviation, and the other is to guard aviation safety. Critics say that this policy is schizophrenic; the FAA can't possibly do both. John Leyden, FAA public affairs administrator, feels there is no conflict. There are just rules and regulations that the FAA must enforce. "My own personal opinion is that deregulation doesn't make the slightest bit of difference in how we do business'here at the FAA."

However, the manner in which the FAA does its business tremendously affects the public. The agency's responsibility for maintaining order and safety in the nation's airways is a huge task. Forced to cut their budget (air-safety reductions in response to the Gramm-Rudman Bill), the FAA's ability to carry out these responsibilities is undoubtedly threatened. And key provisions for aviation safety are tied up by Congress to reduce the deficit.

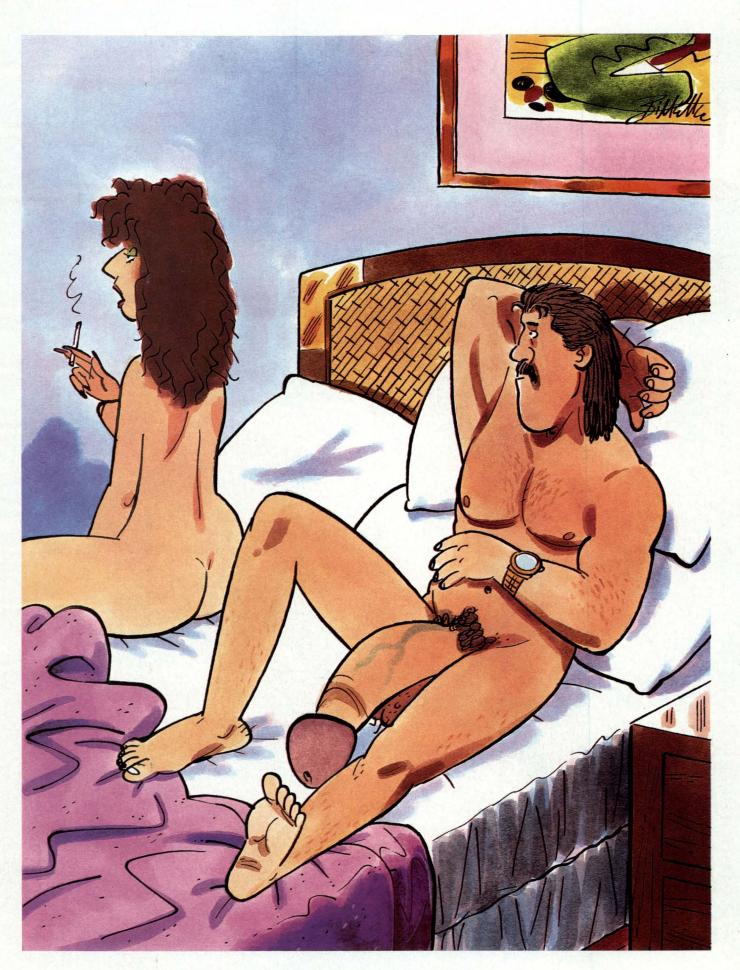
A report produced in December 1985 for the Senate Subcommittee on Aviation concluded: "Achieving a greater assurance of airline safety has not become a priority within the administration of the U.S. Senate. So, despite the pleas of safety advocates and the disturbing reports of the Government Accounting Office (GAO), major reforms appear unlikely."

In 1978 airline deregulation ended route and fare controls. Since then, the competition within the airline industry has been fierce, and the number of flights has increased from 5 million in 1978 to more than 7 million in 1986. There has also been an increased number of flights in small planes (which have higher accident rates), increasing the density of traffic over larger airports.

In this increased traffic lie the seeds of potential disaster: near midair-collisions (the FAA calls them near-misses). There is at least one near-collision reported every two days to the FAA in California alone.

The FAA acknowledges at least 6,592 near midair-collisions in 1985, and many are not being recorded because of gaps in

(continued on page 50)



"I'm a little disappointed. When I met you in the bar, I was hoping you'd be better hung!"

















### AIR SAFETY (continued from page 42)

# Not only are there not enough controllers on the job, only half of them are fully qualified.

the FAA's own reporting system. According to industry sources, in 1986 the number of near-collisions has doubled.

Air-safety advocates and employees of the aviation system are screaming out for help. Some pilots stress a need for collision-avoidance systems in the cockpits of jumbo jets that would give them immediate and direct control of their air spacerather than relying on the air-traffic controller.

United Airlines Captain Richard Russell (president of the pilot's union) is pushing for collision-avoidance radar to be placed in all jumbo jets. "We're using a see-and-be-seen concept. It's up to the pilot not to run into anyone. If you have one coming at you at 600 miles an hour, and you're going 600 miles an hour in the other direction, by the time you see the airplane and the time that he hits you can be less than just a few brief seconds. You have to be able to see them before you can avoid them."

An Aviation Trust Fund, accumulated from an 8% surcharge on passenger tickets, has an uncommitted surplus of more than \$3 billion. The money is designated

by law to be spent on improvements to the air-traffic-control system. Pilots, the Air Transports Association of America, Air Traffic Controllers (ATC) and critics of the aviation industry have been urging the FAA for several years to spend some of the money on new safety devices. But, so far, this hasn't happened because the money is being used to offset the budget deficit, and only a small amount trickles into the aviation industry.

"There is a considerable amount of money in that fund," observes Leyden. "People think that this is the FAA checking account. What do they think? You want a new radar out there in LA; so we'll just dip into the old trust fund and write you a check and give you radar. It doesn't work that way. Like every other government agency, we are part of the unified-budget process. Maybe the government ought to be spending more money, but you can't point the finger at the FAA and say it's the FAA's fault."

If the FAA isn't at fault, then Congress is. Congress has the authority to allocate money and enforce safety measures. It appears that Congress is unwilling to ad-

dress aviation-safety concerns, thereby allowing these problems to worsen.

The FAA set up its air-traffic control system in the 1950s to keep aircraft-especially commercial passenger planes-away from each other and, secondarily, away from dangerous weather.

Traffic between airports is directed by 22 air-route traffic-control centers. Controllers dictate speed, direction and altitude of an airliner from the moment it leaves the gate until it pulls into its destination. Federal regulations set the minimum distance in horizontal miles and vertical feet that must be maintained between planes at each stage of ground movement and flight.

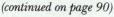
In June 1981, 98 journeymen controllers were directing 1,750 flights a day at Los Angeles International Airport. Five years later, after the firing of 11,400 controllers because of an illegal strike, the airport is flirting with the limits of safe air-traffic control. Seventy-seven fully qualified controllers are juggling a boom in the airline industry that's boosted L.A. traffic by 19% to 2,070 flights daily. At its push, controllers handle 155 flights an hour.

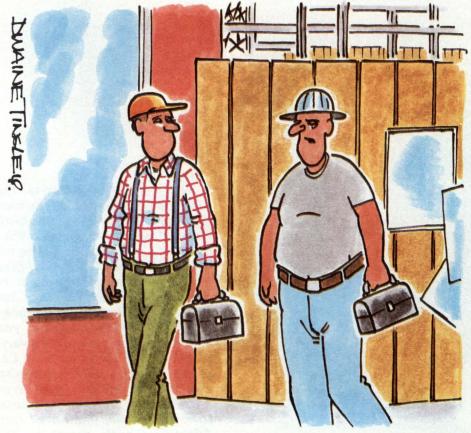
Not only are there not enough controllers on the job, only half of them are considered fully qualified. Anthony J. Skirlick, an air-traffic-control specialist at Palmdale, California, testifies that, "Under proper staffing and management the center is extremely safe. However, when there are a lot of arrivals, things go down the drain."

The system works, but it is facing increasingly crowded skies, and there are times when Skirlick and his colleagues are in over their heads. "There is a decline in both the experience level and numbers of qualified people to run the system. One person is working where there was once two or three people. His attention is diverted to the computer, which takes his eyes off the scope."

John Galipault charges that serious problems in every area of the air-traffic-control system are met only with FAA denial or delays. "They're [air-traffic controllers] severely strained, and we're sitting on the ragged edge of that problem." There have been numerous reports of system errors, near midair-collisions, and unqualified and medically disqualified personnel staffing radar positions and control towers.

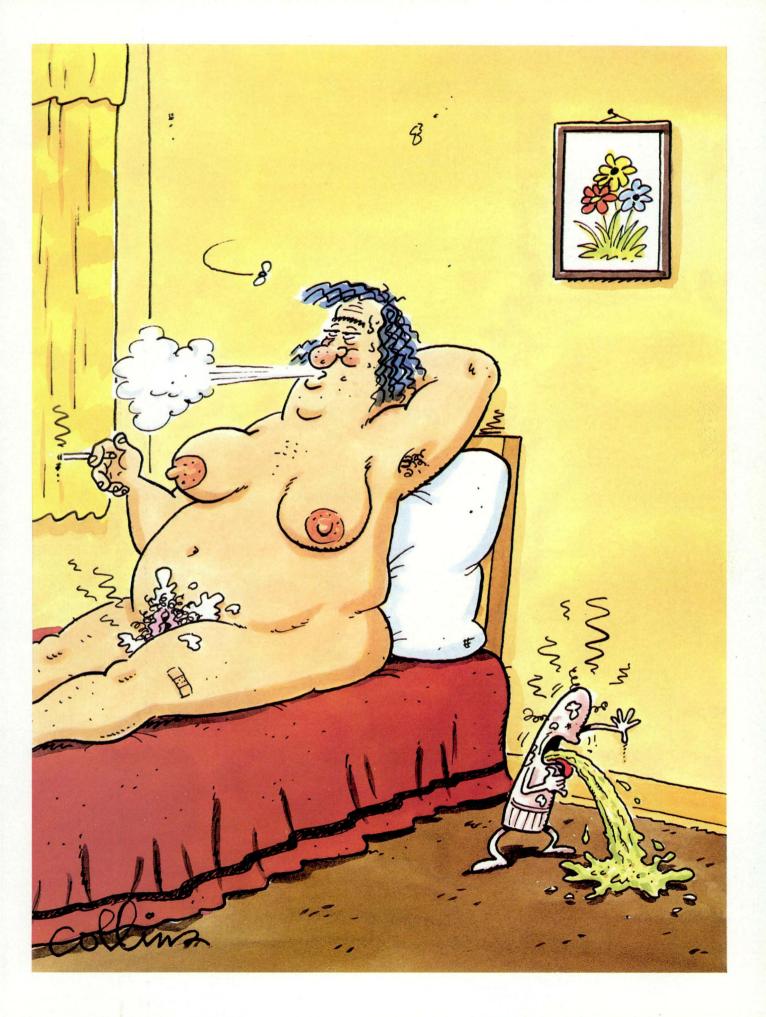
In early March 1986 the Aviation Safety Institute Monitor reported: "The General Accounting Office (GAO) has just released its detailed report on air-traffic control (ATC) and concluded that there should be a curtailment on scheduled airline traffic. The GAO study concluded that in many parts of the ATC system there are over-

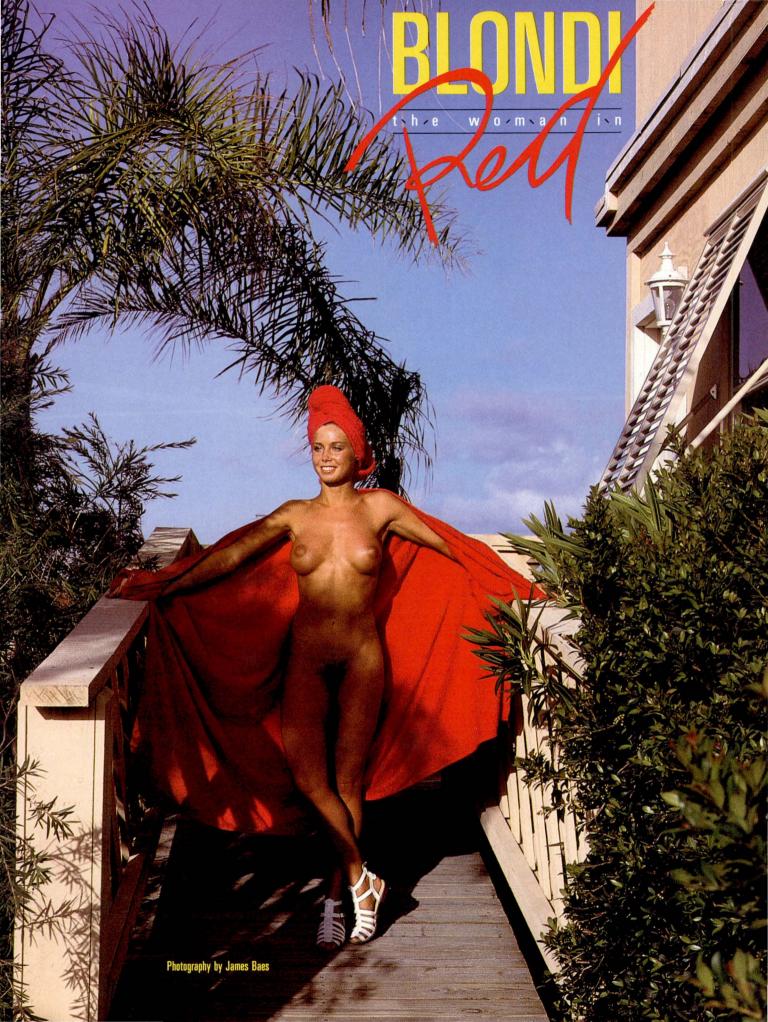




"What's the big deal about necrophilia? I'm married.

I fuck dead pussy all the time!"





















### Biggest Jackpots in LA

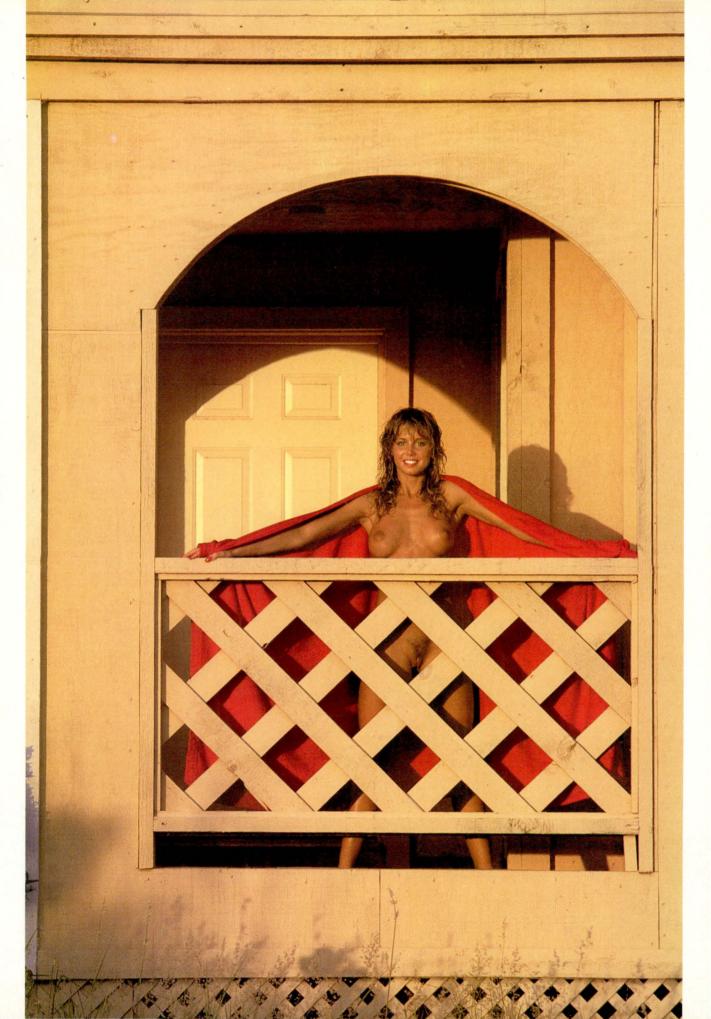
Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker

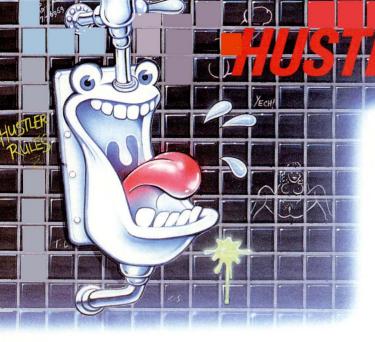












An old Jewish man arrived in Israel. As he was about to go through customs, the agent said, "Okay, mister, lets have a look at those suitcases." When he opened up one of the suitcases, the customs agent was astonished to see over one million dollars in small bills.

"Where did an old-timer like you get such wealth?" "Vell, it's like this," answered the old man. "I vent

around to all the public bathrooms in New York. First, I vent to Penn Station, and then I vent to the Port Authority, and then I vent to Grand Central. I vent into the stalls where they were spritzing and said, 'Give me a dollar for Israel, or I cut off your balls vit a knife.' I did this for many years, young man."

"Wow," said the customs agent. "That's a great

story. What's in the other suitcase?"

"Vell," said the old man sheepishly, "not everybody likes to give!"

Uuestion: How do you count the Puerto Ricans living in New York City?

Answer: Take the number of basements and multiply by twelve.

**B**en, a slightly built bank teller, sat in the psychiatrist's office, complaining about his plight. "We live near the docks, and I don't get home from the job until after the longshoremen have quit for the day. Twice a week I come home and find my wife in bed with one of those big brutes, and if I try to throw him out, he just says, 'Kiss my ass,' and then he laughs at me."

"Ben," interrupted the shrink, "you're in the wrong office. You don't need a doctor; you need a lawyer."

"Oh, no, I need a doctor," said Ben. "I'm afraid all that oral sex is turning me into a homosexual!"

The HUSTLER dictionary defines sandbox as: a gritty clitty!

Un impulse, a Polish guy stopped at the flower shop and bought a dozen roses for his girlfriend. When he handed them to her, she immediately pulled off all her clothes and leaped onto the couch. "This will be for the flowers," she announced, stretching out enticingly.

"Oh, come now," said the Polack. "Surely you've got a vase somewhere in this apartment."

Une day a young girl sat on a bench, crying her heart out. A young man walked over to her and asked what the problem was. "It's my boyfriend," she replied. "He's leaving me."

"Why?" asked the young man.

"I probably shouldn't tell you," she replied, "but he

said my pussy was too big."

The man wondered about this for a moment and hesitantly asked, "May I see it?" The girl pulled her skirt up and spread her legs apart. The man stared in awe. "I must admit, that's one of the biggest pussies I've ever seen, but I have seen bigger."

"I don't think so," she sobbed. "You see, you've only seen half of it . . . I'm still sitting on the other half!"

he HUSTLER dictionary defines fruit vendor as: A homosexual's pimp!

An old man sitting in his house in the country heard a loud noise. He ran out and found two cars crashed together and a few black youths lying in pain on the ground. He called the paramedics. When they arrived, they found the cars, but the blacks were gone. "Hey, mister," one paramedic said to the old man, "where are the crash victims?"

"Don't worry about them," the old man replied, "I buried them.'

"Hold on there," the paramedic said. "Are you sure they were dead?"

"Well, they said they weren't," the old man replied, "but you know how niggers lie!"

uestion: What is the difference between a pussy and

Answer: A pussy is soft, warm and wonderful; a cunt is the thing that owns it.

A Maine farmboy spent a weekend in the Big Apple with a prostitute and fell deeply in love with her. She was charmed, but had no intention of keeping the yokel beyond the limits of his cash.

When the day came for him to take the bus north, he kept begging her to come home with him to Maine. She kept refusing. "But you don't understand!" he wept. "I love you! I want you to marry me!"

"Don't be a sap!" she said. "Women like me don't get

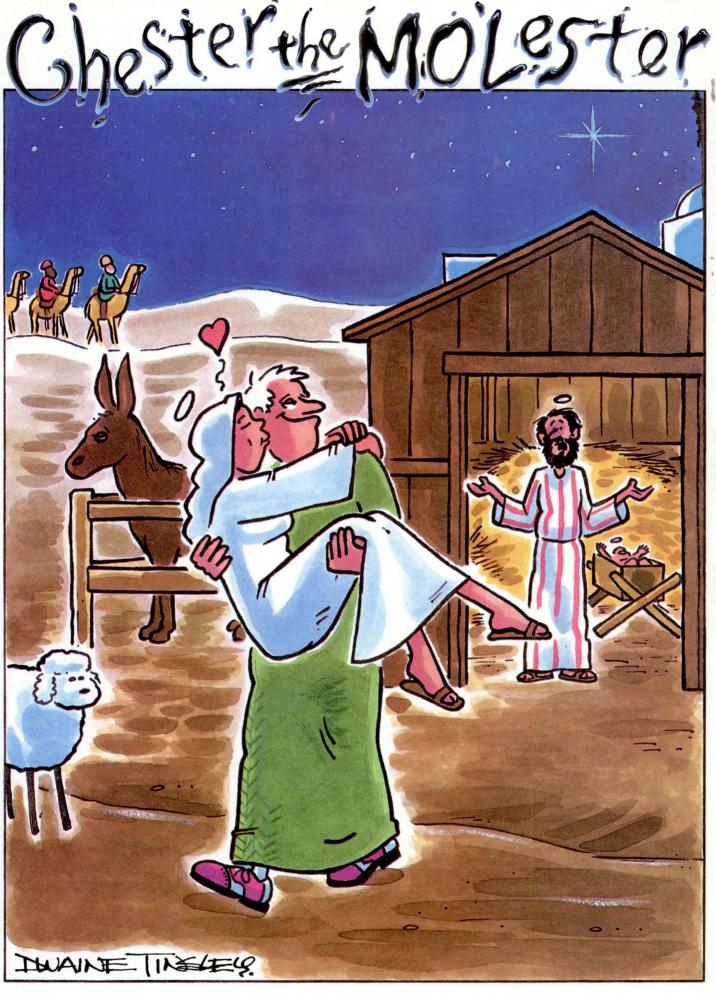
married! I'm a prostitute!"

"I don't care about your religion!" he cried. "I'll convert to yours!"

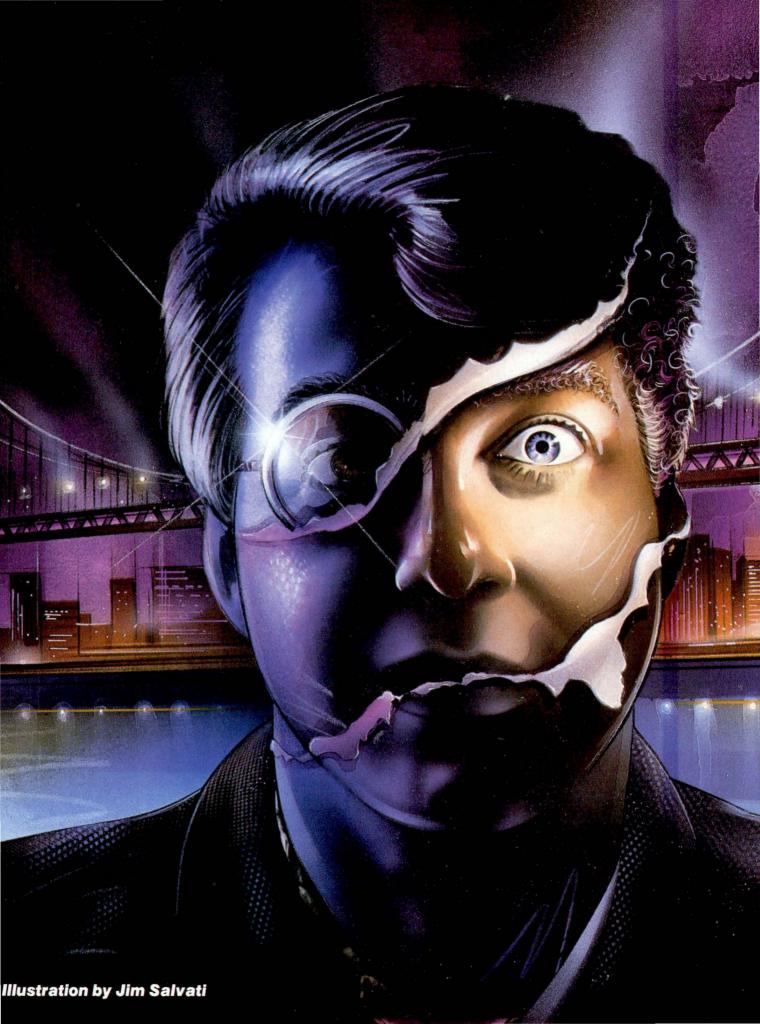
uestion: Did you hear about the new Miss USSR with the 36-22-36 measurements?

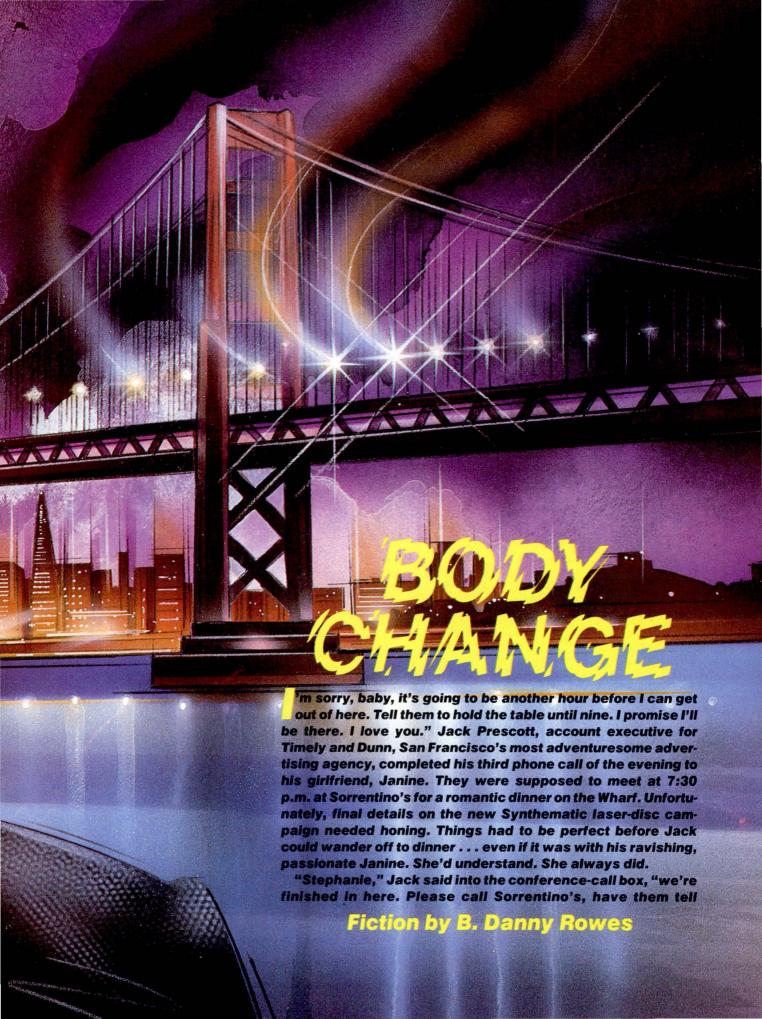
Answer: Her other leg measures the same.

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"But, Mary, you can't run off with him! We got a son to raise!"





#### **BODY CHANGE**

As she bent over him, her firm, half-revealed breasts grazed his chest, sending a shiver through Jack's body.

Janine that I'm on my way."

"Yes sir, Mr. Prescott," responded the voice in the box. "Have a nice evening."

Glancing at his watch, which read 9:45, Jack wondered if it were still possible.

"Well, you've missed the appetizers." Janine forced a smile. "But I ordered your favorite salad and warned Angelo not to prepare it until he saw the whites of your eyes."

Janine Wells was the kind of woman every businessman desired. Statuesque in figure, yet petite in mannerism, her body was perfection. And as a psychological and emotional companion, Jack knew Janine was beyond reproach. Her support of his every move- economic or personal-was unyielding.

After a few moments of idle discussion,

Angelo delivered Jack's salad.

"I'm famished," he enthused, sending his fork into a hunk of fresh mushrooms. When they hit his palate, however, Jack spit out the tidbit and grabbed a glass of water. Janine looked dismayed.

"Jack, honey, you've always loved bleu cheese, especially Sorrentino's."

"I have?" He thought perhaps there

was something wrong with the dressing. There never had been before, but let's face it, he said to himself, that taste was bad. Rancid!

"I couldn't eat that stuff, hon," Jack repeated, hoping to solicit a reaction of understanding from his partner.

She chortled, "Well, if you spit out the scampi, I'm really gonna start to worry."

Jack laughed and sat back to savor the rest of his meal. It tasted good.

As the two giggled over a late-night glass of cognac, the incident in the restaurant virtually disappeared from memory. Jack stretched out across his living room davenport while Janine snuck off to the bedroom to change. She emerged clad in a teasingly sheer beige negligee; a garment so delicate, it almost seemed to blend into her soft white skin. As she bent over him, her firm, half-revealed breasts grazed his chest, sending a shiver through Jack's body. He cupped her pear-shaped ass cheeks in his hands and squeezed. Janine moaned with pleasure, and in a moment the two were spread out on the couch.

Jack's cock was long and hard. Janine

approached it with her tongue.

'You have the most beautiful cock," she groaned, stuffing the head deep into her wet mouth.

Hand and mouth working together, Janine put Jack into a state of rock hardness. He grabbed Janine by her long brown hair and ordered her to stop.

"I want to give it to you . . . hard, fast, and deep." Jack's words made Janine sopping wet. She gave Jack's dick a last, teasing suckle, almost taunting him to come in her mouth. Exercising restraint, Jack held his wad until Janine positioned herself on top of him, her back to his face. Knowing his time was near, Jack wasted no time in thrusting into Janine's pussy, forcing her entire body upward while simultaneously pinching and squeezing her beautiful breasts from behind. Janine rode Jack like a cowgirl aboard a prize bronco. Then, grabbing her hips, Jack gave an ultimate push and shot his scalding juices high into her burning box. She bucked several times, making sure to empty her stallion. As culmination to the event, Janine wriggled her buns on Jack's still-stiff cock and rewarded herself with a shrieking orgasm.

Janine always slept soundly; so she wasn't awakened when Jack got up to use the bathroom. Cold nights made his hardwood floors feel like ice; so he grabbed his slippers. Half asleep, Jack almost didn't realize the difficulty he had putting on the soft shoes that he'd worn so many times before. Now they were very tight. He walked to the bathroom, turned on the light, took off his slippers and examined his feet. They, somehow,

looked . . . bigger.

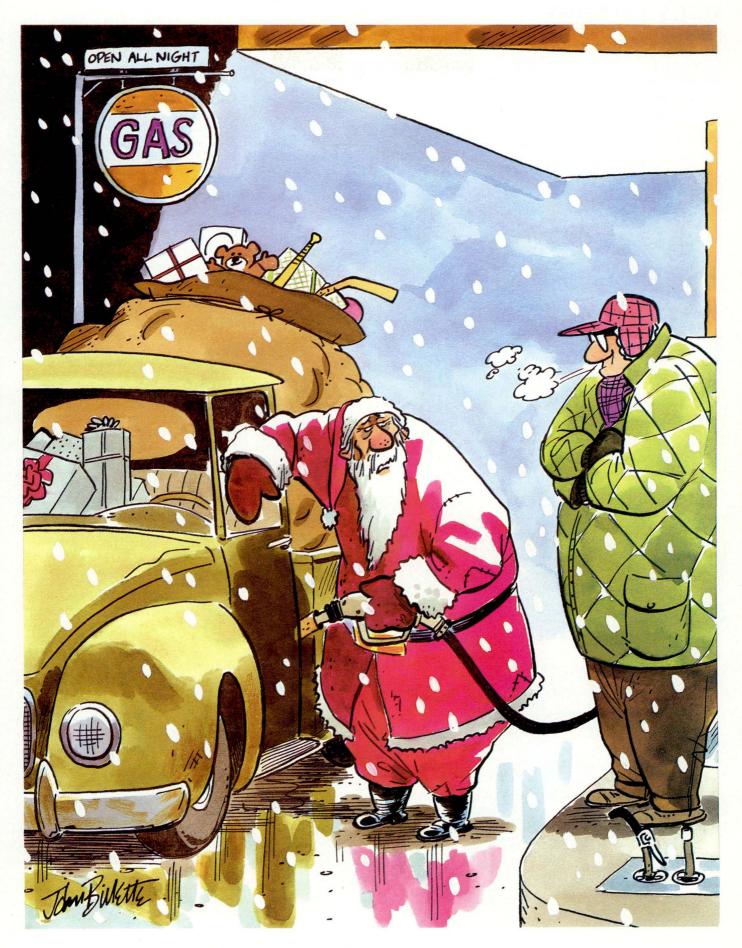
"Too much salt in the scampi," Jack thought to himself. "That's just swell." Jack giggled at his bad pun, relieved himself and went back to bed.

Janine rose before her boyfriend and left quietly. Her job as a paste-up artist for the San Francisco Chronicle demanded very early hours, but it got her home early too. Jack rose at 8:15. While shaving, he noticed a mole on his face. It was light brown, almost a perfect circle. Jack was stunned. It had never been there before. Disturbed, Jack finished shaving, showered, dressed and went to the office. He took the bus up Sacramento St. from Fillmore Ave. Ten minutes into the ride, Jack realized that, for five years, he'd always, always taken the cable car. He hated the bus. Why, then, was he riding it today?

What the hell is happening to me? Jack

"Stephanie, please hold my calls and see that no one disturbs me." Jack passed his secretary so quickly, she didn't have time to notice the new marking on his face.





"It's been a tough winter. Even had to eat the reindeer. . . . "

#### **BODY CHANGE**

# Foreskin was visible-foreskin that had been surgically removed when Jack Prescott was a three-day-old infant.

Jack grabbed the telephone and began to dial. After four digits, he stopped, hung up the receiver, lifted it up and began to dial a second time. Again he stopped.

"I've called Arnie a million times. Why can't I remember his number now?" Jack

asked himself.

Frustrated, he opened his address book to the phone number of his long-time friend, Dr. Arnold Lefkowitz. Jack couldn't believe he'd forgotten the number, but when he read it, he genuinely didn't remember it. It was like he'd never known it at all!

He did, however, know Arnie Lefkowitz. And if anybody could make sense out of the confused mishmash of the past 24 hours, Arnie could. He was a talented psychiatrist, but more important, he really knew Jack Prescott. Inside and out.

"Arnie?" Jack's voice lept with urgency. "It's Jack. Listen, man, I need your

help. I think I'm losing it."

"Hey, buddy, settle down. What's the problem?"

"I'm losing touch with reality, Arnie. And I'm scared." "I don't understand, Jack. Be more specific."

Jack rambled off the list of weird things that had taken place over the past several hours. The bleu cheese dressing, slippers, mole, bus, and finally the difficulty he'd had remembering his friend's phone number. By the end of the recollection, Jack was damp with perspiration and red-faced with fear.

"Y'all don't know what this is doing to me, Arnie," gasped Jack.

"Now relax, Jack. There's no reason to get overly excited about this. Come and see me at 3:00."

Jack felt better just knowing that Arnie would listen to his unusual story. He hoped the visit would restore normalcy.

"By the way, Jack," added Arnie. "What's with the Southern accent?"

But Jack had already hung up.

The entire morning, and into the afternoon, Jack's office door remained closed. As 2:30 p.m. approached, Jack emerged from his daytime confinement.

"I'll be gone for the rest of the day, Stephanie," he muttered as he dashed past his dumbstruck secretary. Jack was wearing sunglasses and a high-collared overcoat. Little did Stephanie realize that the overcoat was to hide Jack's now-detached earlobes, and the sunglasses were to cover a beautiful pair of brown eyes that had been, only three hours before, aqua blue.

The sign on the door read "Arnold Lefkowitz, M.D., Ph.D." Jack had known Arnie since undergraduate school at Oregon State. While Jack was moving through the ranks of San Francisco advertising, Arnie was building a lucrative North Beach practice. Jack had never, in all those years, needed his friend's help professionally. Until now.

"Dr. Lefkowitz will see you now, Mr. Prescott." The receptionist's words startled Jack back to reality. He'd been staring at the scar on his left elbow. He'd never

seen it before.

"What's with the disguise?" Arnie rifled, entering the examination room.

"You'd better sit down, Arnie," Jack said, removing his sunglasses and coat to reveal the changes in his appearance.

"Yeah. So what's the problem, old man?" Arnie regarded his friend blankly. He didn't even notice, Jack thought. But then, why should Arnie know what color eyes Jack had? And as for the earlobes—who notices stuff like that?

"All right," Jack shot back, "look at this!" Opening his shirt, Jack pointed to a tattoo on his chest. It read, AMANDA MY HEART, and the letters were dull red, obviously old, and wound around the image of a knife handle.

"Arnie, I've never known any Amanda in all my life."

"Please, Jack, calm down. There is an explanation."

Arnie tried to settle his friend, but his efforts were interrupted as Jack darted to the middle of the room and began to unzip his trousers.

In one swift motion, Jack lowered his pants and undershorts, displaying a curious sight to the good doctor. There, clear as day, hung a six inch, limp, *uncircumcised* cock. Foreskin was plainly visible—foreskin that had been surgically removed when Jack Prescott was a three-day-old infant. "Arnie, I had a circumcised cock yesterday!" Arnie stared in disbelief at his old friend's organ. Quickly, Jack lifted his pants and searched his friend's eyes with a plea for help. What Dr. Lefkowitz had to say did little to ease Jack's mind.

"Jack, I want you to go home, take it easy the rest of the day and wait for me to get back to you. Meanwhile, I'm going to make some phone calls.

"Hot damn, Arnie!" Jack bellowed with anger. "Look what's happening to me. I need help!" Jack darted for the door.

"Wait!" Arnie shouted, but it was too





"There, there, Tyrone. Maybe Santa couldn't afford to leave you a puppy!"

#### **BODY CHANGE**

### Jack unzipped his pants and began to force his tool between Janine's lovely ass cheeks.

late. Jack was out the door in a flash.

As he headed for his apartment in the Marina, Jack's mind was tortured with a thousand "whys," and he struggled desperately to hold on to the fact that he was, indeed, Jack Prescott, 36-year-old advertising account executive, native of San Francisco, lover of Janine Wells of San Raphael, and an individual with a unique identity.

A couple blocks from home, Jack passed a bookstore window. He seemed compelled to glance at the clear, reflecting glass. He stood there on the sidewalk, paralyzed by the image that he saw. There, right before his own eyes, Jack was changing. He brought his face right up against the window and witnessed his nose broadening-dense, black hairs filling the nostrils. His cheeks bulged while his forehead receded. He felt a burning inside, like something was tearing him apart. Now, Jack could see that he was growing. His clothes tightened around his now-muscular physique. His skin was stretching to accommodate the new bulging muscles. Within minutes, Jack could no longer recognize the strange reflection that faced him in the window.

Jack started dazedly in the direction of the most familiar place to him in the present-day real world-his two-bedroom apartment.

Jack knew Janine would be home from work by now. Regardless of the incredible metamorphosis that had befallen him, nothing could keep her from recognizing him. She had to. It was his only hope.

Jack unlocked the door and peeked into his second-story apartment. Janine's purse and overcoat were on the living room chair. He could hear the sound of running water and the gentle clacking of dishes coming from the kitchen. Like a silent kitten he trekked toward the source of the cacophony, thinking not of his appearance, but only of his desperate need to see, touch and hold the woman he loved. He crept up behind Janine and put his hands on her waist. She did not turn around.

"Mmmm. My baby's home early today," she said, directing her words to the stained wine goblet in her left hand.

Jack grabbed Janine's breasts. He

much harder. Next, he kissed her neck. Janine squirmed and giggled.

"Boy, who's got a boner in his pants

rubbed them gently at first, but then

this afternoon?" she quipped.

Still silent, Jack hiked up the back of Janine's skirt and lowered her pair of blue, cotton panties. He proceeded to insert a finger into her asshole. She still didn't turn around, obviously determined to play out Jack's game to the fullest. Jack unzipped his pants and began to force his tool between Janine's lovely ass cheeks. As his cock made contact with her rear opening, Janine recoiled and dropped the pot she was cleaning. A rush of terror came over her as she was overcome with a violent sensation of unfamiliarity with the body part poking against her anus. She turned around, and her eyes collided with the man's behind her.

"Uh. Oh, my God! Who, who are you?" Janine was suddenly breathless. She wanted to scream but couldn't.

"Please, honey, don't be afraid," pleaded Jack. "It's me! It's Jack!" Janine struggled to escape the grasp of the strange man clutching her shoulders.

"What kind of sick joke is this?" she cried. "Let me go. Please, God, let me go! You're not Jack!"

Breaking free from the stranger, Janine dashed into the living room, grabbed her purse and shot for the door.

"Janine, don't go, please! I need you."
As the front door slammed, Jack stood motionless, his now-limp cock still peeking lifelessly out of his trousers.

"Baby, it is me." But Jack Prescott was talking to himself now.

On the streets of San Francisco hordes of the city's rank and file were celebrating the five o'clock hour, pouring onto the main thoroughfares.

Among the masses was Jack Prescott, or at least a body carrying what had been the mind and memory of Jack Prescott. Without destination, he walked among the scurrying populace, talking to no one, thinking of nothing. At Sacramento and Powell, a newsstand vendor shouted the headlines of the evening paper. Jack started to pass the tiny wooden shack covered with newspapers and tabloids, when his path was blocked by someone buying a paper. Running into the stranger, Jack knocked the wallet from the man's hands. Jack stopped to apologize but was stunned speechless. The face he looked into was Jack Prescott's! The dissolved, almost now-faded from memory Jack Prescott.

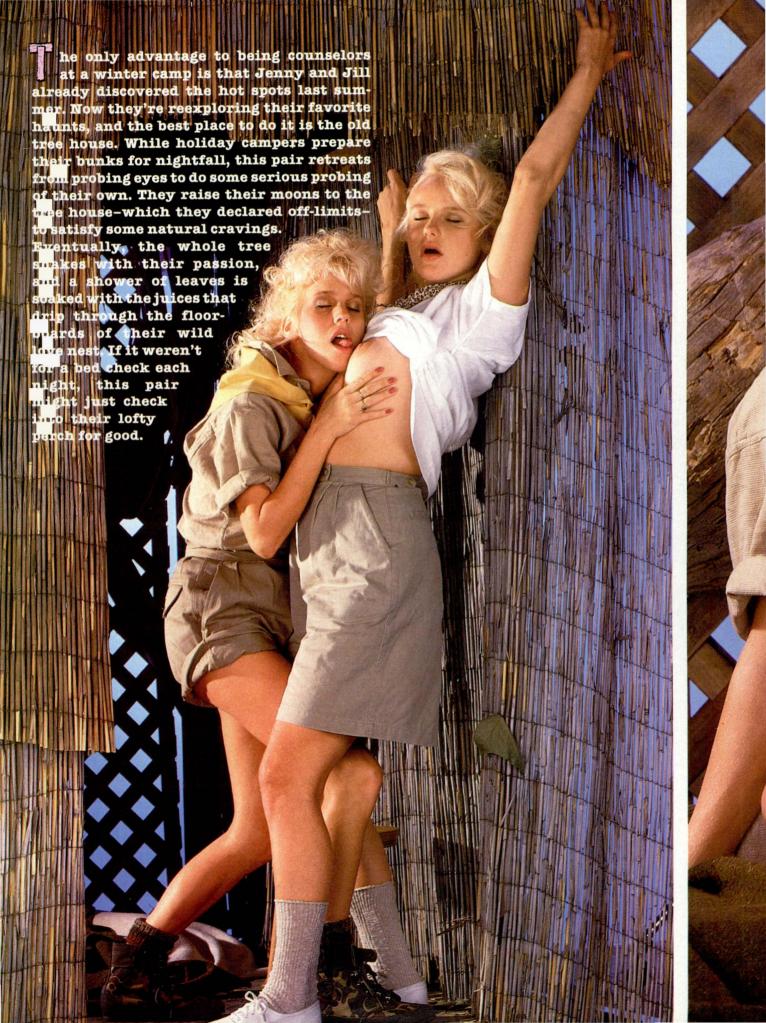
For a moment, time stood still.

The man in the ill-fitting Levi jeans and cowboy boots reached to the ground to pick up his wallet, which had fallen open to the driver's license of one Robert John Dalton, of Macon, Georgia.



"Thank you for a delightful evening, Eugene . . . would you like to come in for a blowjob?"















### SEX CRIMES (continued from page 40)

## Cigarettes were used to burn her breasts and belly. Her pubic hair was doused with lighter fluid and set on fire.

say. That's exactly how Walter did it.

He was 75 years old when he turned himself in. In poor health, his life of crime was over. It's unknown exactly how many young girls he murdered. The remains of only one were found. The one time that Walter drew police attention had been more than 15 years ago.

Kids were drawn to Walter. He was nice to them and always had candy in a dish on the table. A seven-year-old girl with a sweet tooth entered his house alone. She thought that Walter was away, as he usually was. She encountered Walter, naked, carrying a well-sharpened ax. She told police the he chased her until she escaped through an open window.

Due to the girl's history of tall tales, the case was written off as a new fantasy.

It's impossible to know all the details of Walter's journey into madness. We do know, however, that Walter enjoyed dining on the tender flesh of children.

The old man's job took him all over the United States, and he was seldom at any one place long enough to attract suspicion. He was smart enough to prey on children from dubious backgrounds.

When there was a disappearance, police figured it was a runaway.

Walter's confessions took hours. Unable to tell the difference between fantasy and reality, he showed absolutely no remorse. It was as if he were bragging.

One murder we know he committed concerned a young girl who had recently moved to his neighborhood to live with an aunt. The aunt didn't want to be bothered with her. She started hanging around Walter. She'd never been touched lovingly or cuddled, and took great pleasure in sitting on Walter's lap while he stroked her hair and caressed her arms and neck. When he caressed her private parts, she didn't seem to mind. She and Walter would undress and play together naked like two young children.

As she grew more accustomed to him, he enticed her to touch his organ, put it in her mouth. The next step was actual sex. She resisted, as his awkward attempt to penetrate tore her opening, but he fought his way in. His whole organ disappeared inside her to the bottom of her vagina. Walter came almost immediately. Upon removing his hand from her

mouth, he found that, during his moment of ecstasy, the young girl had suffocated. Wheels turned in his head.

At the sink he used a butcher knife to cut the girl into pieces, rinsing away the blood. When he was finished, he had a freezer full of steaks, cut and trimmed.

No one filed a report of a missing person and, until his old outhouse was excavated and the skeleton found, no one believed his stories. Walter died of old age before his case could be brought to trial.

The term for someone like Walter is "chicken hawk." They are harder than hell to catch. Their victims lack the life experience necessary to make good witnesses. Many children are fooled into thinking that such actions are normal for adults, and many never tell their parents. As many as one out of every three girls and one out of every four boys has been sexually molested at some time or another by an adult.

It's hard to believe there are human beings who are so jaded that they will kill a 13-year-old girl for the profits to be made from selling a film of her torturemurder. That's what we speculate happened in the case the Karen.

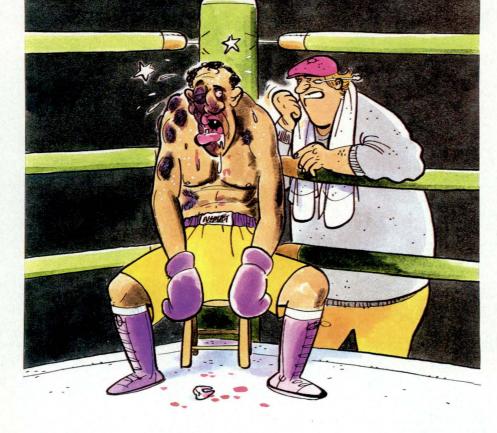
Karen disappeared on her way to school one morning. She was next seen several days later, when her nude corpse was found tied to a tree with barbed wire. The coroner's report said she had been beaten into submission, then bound to a tree. The barbs on the wire were pointing toward her delicate skin so that each drew blood. The wire had been twisted to make it more effective.

Next, her attackers raped her vaginally. Her body was angled to make penetration possible, and, judging from the damage to her internal organs, she had been brutally entered several times. Cigarettes were used to burn her breasts and belly. Her light mound of pubic hair was doused with lighter fluid and set on fire. Her labia, as well as her clitoris and vaginal opening, were severely burned.

To assure that she remained conscious during the ordeal, ampules of ammonia were broken under her nose, then dropped onto the ground. Seven were used in all.

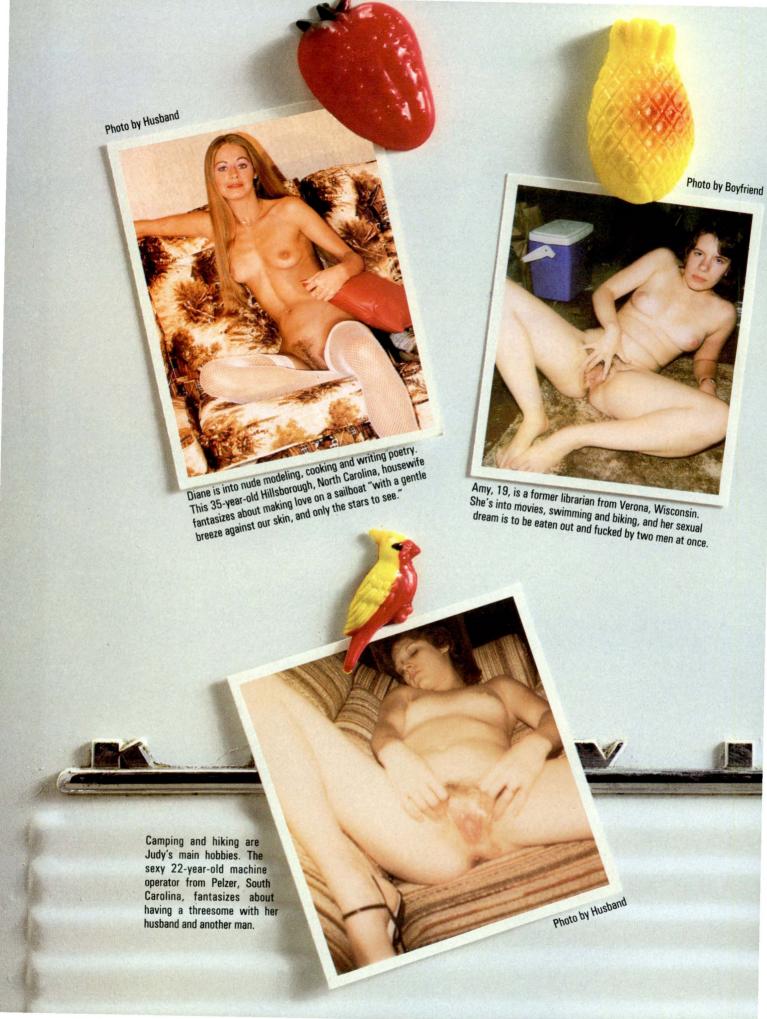
The young girl's abdomen was opened up with a sharp instrument, allowing her intestines to spill out onto the ground. She was probably alive for some time after that. The torturer took care that no major blood vessels were cut. It was evident that several people ejaculated into the open wound. Finally, they ran out of film. A blow was delivered to the side of her head, killing her.

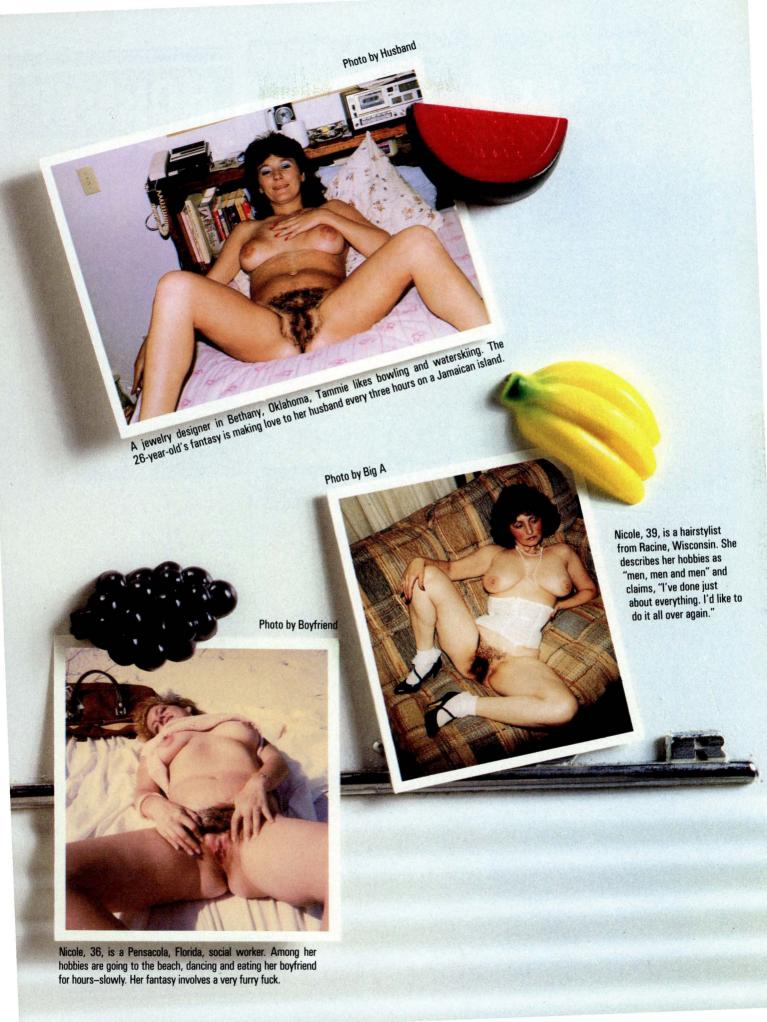
All over the ground were wrappers from 35mm movie film and the unmis-(continued on page 86)



"It's the third round, kid! Now's the time to switch to plan 'C'-knock him out!"

















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SIGNATURE/AGE/DATE I am over 19 years of age and request this material.

### **SEX CRIMES** (continued from page 80)

### She fought back and was beaten for her trouble. Her attacker was stronger and soon penetrated her anally.

takable patterns of camera tripod feet. Filming had taken place from four different angles; one less than two feet from the victim's face.

The killers were never caught, nor was a copy of the film located. Films of this nature end up in private collections of very rich "connoisseurs." This isn't one you can get at the video store.

Most women have little chance of ending up the victim of a madman. But practically every girl alive has experienced the most common form of rape-date-rape. Most date-rapes are never reported unless the victim is injured. A good number of girls lose their virginity to date-rape; some even go on to marry the attacker.

Many females in their teens and early 20s tend to accept date-rape as part of the game. Some of them admit to playing "make-out games." While 95% of the guys in this age group stop when they are told to, the other 5% go ahead and take what they want.

They continue taking what they want. As they get older, they find that ladies in their late 20s and above don't take date-

rape casually. In fact, many, especially the better educated and more liberated, file charges against their attackers. This type of reported rape has risen greatly over the past few years, making it the most common form of sexual assault on record.

Janice became a victim of date-rape soon after she began working for a large corporation. She had recently divorced and wasn't anxious to get back into single life, but Rick, a manager in her department, was very good-looking and seemed to be a really nice guy.

When he asked her to dinner, she accepted. Rick and Janice never made it to dinner. On the way to the remote restaurant, Rick pulled his car to the curb and informed her that they had time for a "quickie" before dinner. Janice politely, but firmly, declined.

Rick wasn't used to being told no, and he didn't like it. Jerking Janice from the car, he dragged her down an embankment into the woods, out of sight of the road. He threw her on her back. Driving a knee between her thighs, Rick forced her legs apart, then ripped her panties

and pantyhose out of the way. Then he was in her.

Janice figured it wouldn't help to fight; so she lay there. When he was finished, he stood up, casually fastened his pants, and walked away, leaving her on

After Janice heard his car pull away, she worked her way up the bank. She sat there, trying to calm down. Although a bit bruised and sore, she was more angry than hurt at this point.

Finally, a van pulled over onto the shoulder, and a white-haired gentleman in a business suit got out of the driver's seat and aided her. As her rescuer helped her into the passenger seat, Janice told him her story. He reminded her of her grandfather with his strong arms and his kind smile. But something was wrong. Why didn't he start the engine?

The kind smile was now a leer. His eyes glowed as he stared at her breasts, which were only partially covered by the scraps of her torn dress. Cold fear crept up on her. Before she could react, he was dragging her to the back of the van. He threw her on her stomach on some old quilts. She fought back, and was badly beaten for her trouble. Her attacker was much stronger, and soon penetrated her

It didn't take long for him to climax. Janice was pushed out the side door of the van. She wrote the license number in the roadside dust with her finger as the van pulled away, leaving her in worse shape than before.

The next person to stop was a State Trooper on his way home from work. He took her to the hospital for treatment, then took her home.

Due to this lady's presence of mind, the van driver was caught almost immediately. He had recently been released from prison on parole from several other sexual assaults. He was soon returned to prison on a parole violation.

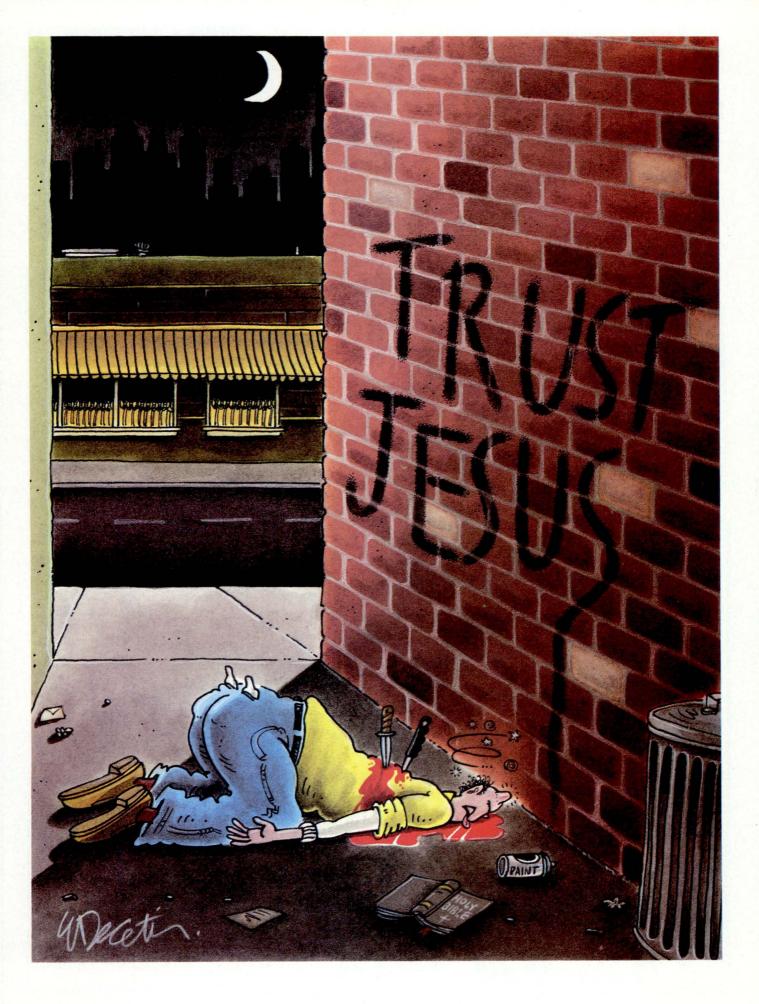
Rick was never brought to trial. Janice made the mistake of revealing that she might have been sexually interested in Rick under different circumstances. The D.A. felt that the jury would probably call this intercourse, not rape.

Incidentally, Janice returned to work after the attack to find that she had been dismissed. Rick has recently been promoted to vice-president.

As you can see from these cases, the sex crime division is more than just a "pussy posse." We're much too busy to spend our time just arresting hookers. Our job is to eliminate the torturers, the murders, and the other brain-damaged sickos from the streets so that women will not have to live in fear of being invaded against their will.



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### "We don't need a high-school gymnasium full of body bags before the point is made that we need more control."

worked, stressed, tired and demoralized controllers. In other cases, too many inexperienced controllers are being left alone to control traffic. Of the 450 controller supervisors polled, 75% said they would elect to retire within 12 months. The FAA claims that it is replenishing the controller ranks to offset the losses, but obviously, graduating 40 new controllers from the FAA does nothing to replace the loss of supervisory personnel."

The airways have become so heavily congested that anything short of cutting down the air traffic over major airports and the production and installation of adequate radar equipment (both in the cockpit of the plane and on the field) means disaster. "We don't need a high-school gymnasium full of body bags before the point is made that we need more control over the amount of traffic," Skirlick says.

Facility expert Howard Johannason has other concerns involving safety measures: lack of experienced repair technicians.

An air-traffic controller uses radar, display screens and direct communica-

tions to keep pilots safely separated. The pilots use the air-traffic controller electronic navigational gear that develops a kind of road map in the sky. A complex instrument-landing system guides the pilots in foggy and rough weather.

Until 1981, the FAA had people through the entire system ready to fix the equipment when it failed. But now, Johannason explains, thanks to the combined effects of the Gramm-Rudman freeze on hiring, and natural depletion through retirement, "there has been a 40% reduction in the people remaining, and an additional 15% to 20% increase in workload. What this means," says Johannason, "is trained people will no longer be available to repair the systems as they fail."

Now troubleshooters won't be on hand round-the-clock and will have to be called at home. "That's devastating," Johannason says. "You can't tell the pilot who is almost out of fuel, 'Well, you'll have to fly around for a couple of hours so that we can fix this.' That plane will fall out of the sky. That's where our system is going. It's an act of appalling irresponsi-

bility on the part of the FAA."

Government officials contend that the accident rate for airline travel has actually gone down since the government stopped regulating airlines and the nations air controllers went on strike. But critics say this is luck more than anything. They say that safety should be judged by the potential for accidents, not by the actual number of accidents.

The government admits that maintenance problems do pose a hazard for the flying public, and last year the FAA began a more aggressive inspection program, looking closely at airline maintenance, and discovered some startling things. American Airlines (AA) was fined \$1½ million for substituting plastic parts for metal ones. They also cut their maintenance staff to save money. (In 1985, AA had two reported incidents of engines falling off airborne aircraft.)

While some government officials insist there is no serious safety problem in the airline industry, FAA actions seem to differ. The FAA has grounded many airlines, issued a record number of fines, authorized the hiring of more controllers and safety inspectors, and in February launched yet another investigation into airline maintenance practices.

Thirty-six-year veteran Captain Richard Russell is happy to be with United. Their maintenance record is impeccable, and they're one of the safest airlines in the air today. Still, he interacts with pilots who are less fortunate.

"We see these carriers that don't have any money, and pretty soon it comes time when they have to maintain the airplane. They can cut all kinds of corners, because the FAA is not watching as closely. The first thing they can defer and not have show up immediately is maintenance."

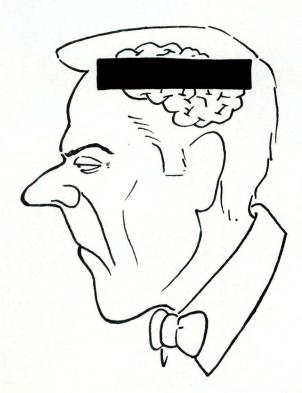
Of utmost importance to Russell is crew and passenger safety. "[Airline supervisors] would tell the pilots to fly even though something didn't work. The pilot knows he can be replaced if he says, 'No, that's not safe. I don't want to do that.' They say, 'Friend, either you fly it, or you're finished, and we'll get somebody else who will take it.'"

Safety experts say such incidents have become commonplace. Pilots and maintenance personnel are prevented from telling the truth about problems for fear of reprisals and retaliation.

In 1985, commercial-airline crashes claimed more than 1,700 lives. Hundreds of those lives could have been saved had airlines adopted recommendations by pilots, air-traffic controllers, National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) members and airlines critics. Such recommendations included windshear radar on the plane.

(continued on page 94)

THE BRAIN OF A CENSOR



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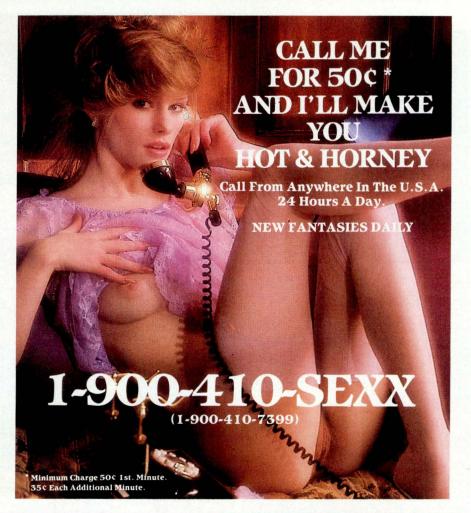
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### **AIR SAFETY**

(continued from page 90)

"My interest in windshear began in 1975," remembers Captain John Bliss, a veteran pilot who spent 37 years in the Flying Tigers. "I had made approach into Kennedy airport, and there was such a very strong windshear, that if I had been using normal procedures, I would have crashed into the approach lights. Because of what may have been abnormal procedure, I was able to survive the approach. I called the tower and told them they should change the traffic pattern because of the strong windshear on the final approach. The tower said they were indicating wind on the runway at 15 knots when I landed. I said, 'I don't care what you indicated; I'm just telling you that you should change the traffic pattern.'

"They didn't, and Eastern 66 crashed into the approach lights less than nine minutes after I landed, and it killed al-

most everyone on board."

Windshear is a rapid change in wind direction or velocity. When this change in wind direction is close to the ground, an airplane traveling at relatively low air

speed is thrown about.

Many experts say the causes given for crashes are a smoke screen for a broadbased problem. Airlines don't take advantage of safety technologies in the body of the plane itself. "We probably won't see significant strides in crash worthiness for some time," Johnasson says. "This means aircraft compartments that can stand up to 20 Gs of deceleration. We haven't even begun to develop the proper technologies.'

The government argues that of the 14,000 daily flights transporting a million people across the United States, 99.9% are without accident or injury.

"We are trying to get out," says Howard Johnasson, "an awareness of the risk of flying today. We can't sit back and see another major catastrophe. It's going to

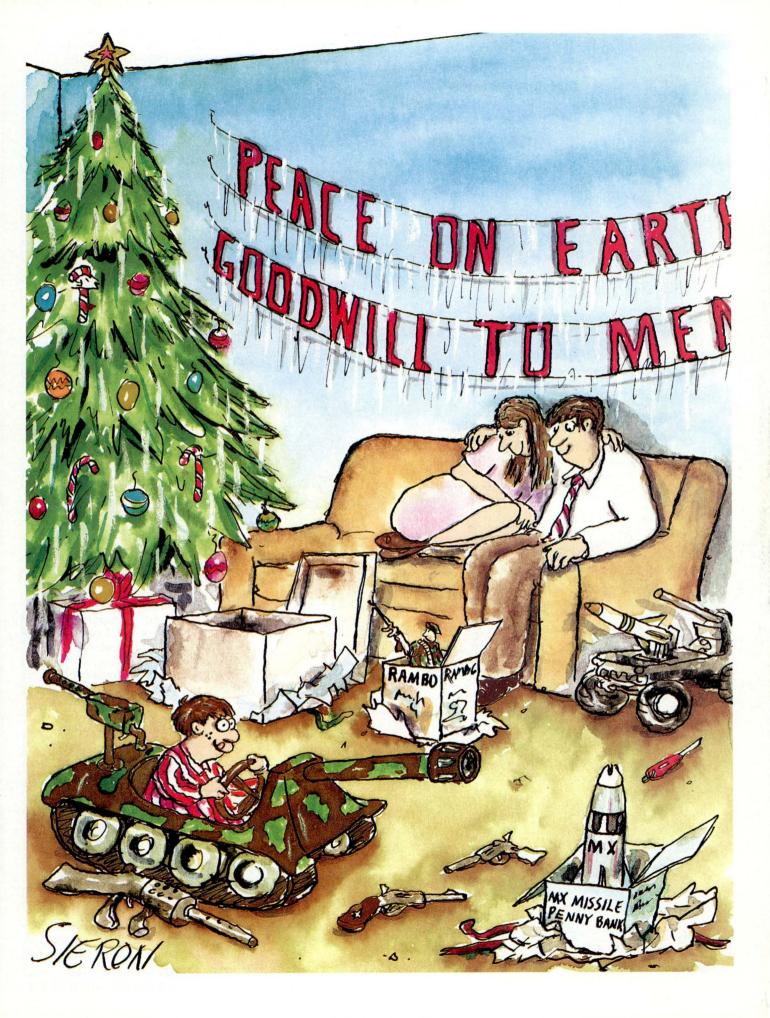
happen."

Critics urge solutions, such as increasing the number of FAA inspectors, updating inspection procedures, scrutinizing the financial stability of aircarriers more carefully before giving them a license, and issuing fines more quickly. In the case of air-traffic-control problems, critics urge the government to slow the increase of air traffic in heavily traveled areas and to rehire some of the controllers fired in 1981. But the key, say critics, is for the government and the airlines to anticipate the hazards.

States Anthony Skirlick Jr., "There are plenty of things that have to be done. But who's going to do it? Who's got clean hands in this thing anymore? It's pretty hard to tell."

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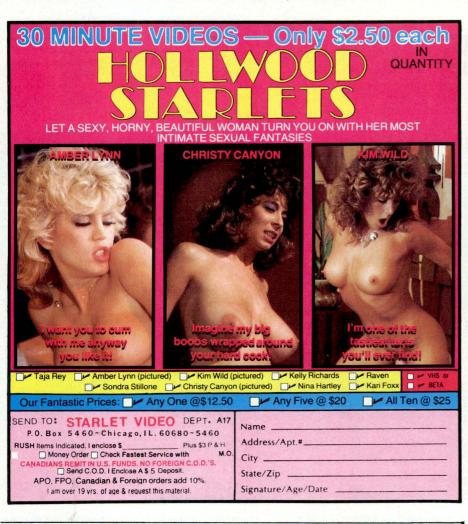


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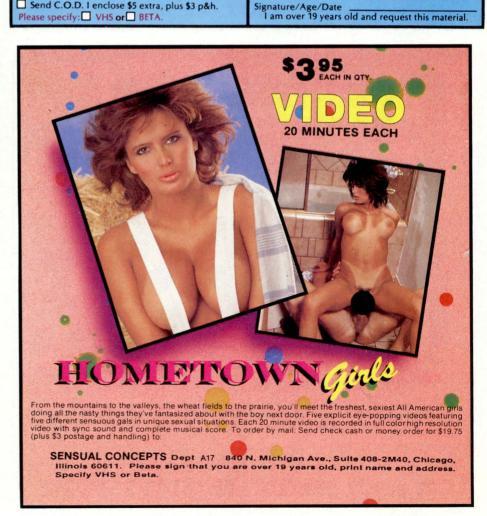














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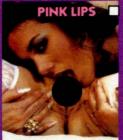
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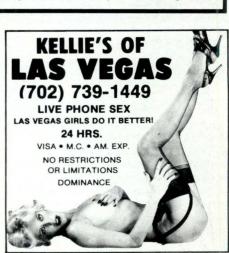
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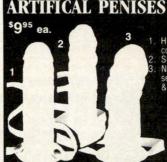
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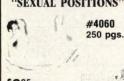
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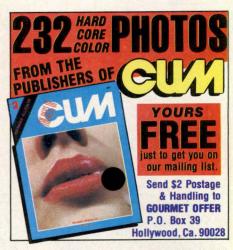


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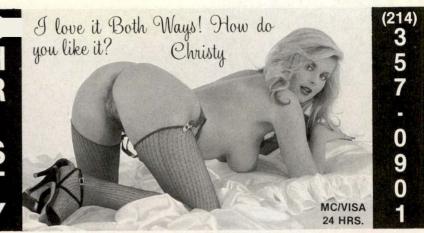
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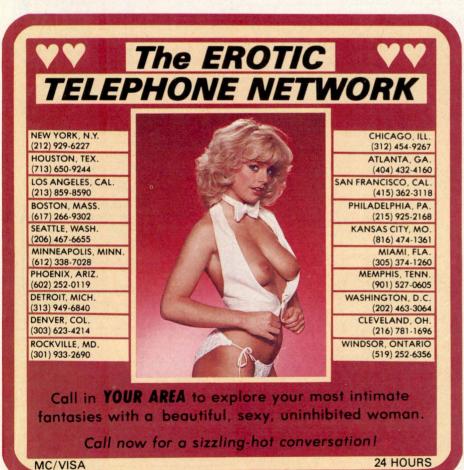
















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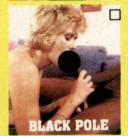
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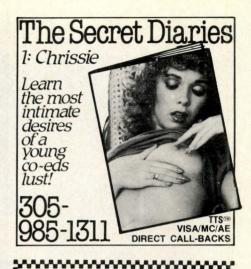
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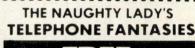
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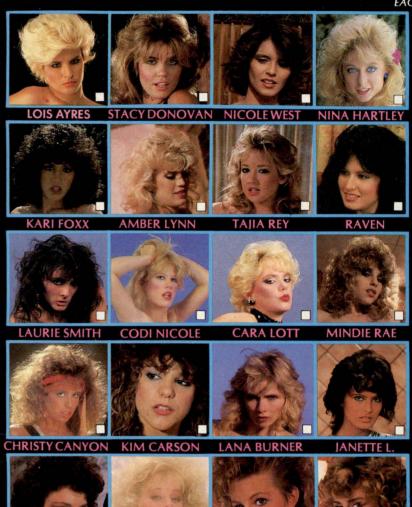
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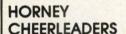
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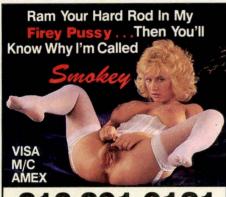
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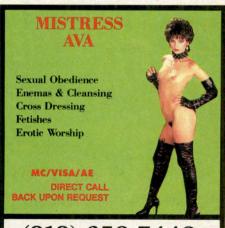


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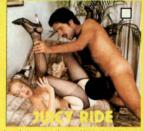


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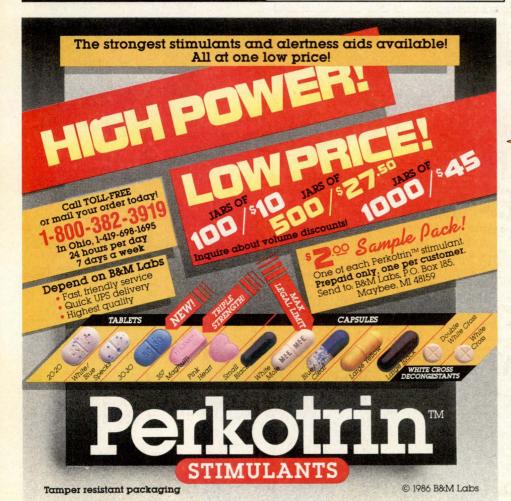
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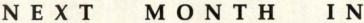
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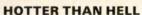
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# HUSTLER

February issue on sale December 16, 1986



You'll be wringing the sweat from your shorts once you get an eyeful of the scorching babes who ignite the pages of February's HUSTLER. Warm up with a sultry blond beauty as she lounges in her secluded swimming pool. Then meet our mind-blowing centerfold, a sizzling combination of leather and lace. A sexy maid puts aside her mop to service a very handy man indeed and proves herself an excellent plumber's helper. Finally, two gorgeous Asian athletes demonstrate the ancient art of karate kink.

## **GOOD VIBRATIONS**

You've heard of being "mind fucked," but did it ever occur to you that it might be a *good* thing? In "Out of This World Sex," HUSTLER reporter Brad Steiger explores the ties between psychic vibrations and sexual pleasure and reveals new methods of enhancing the spiritual side of your sensuality.

# **INSIDE CULTS**

From EST to Ramtha to Guru Ma, Scott Metzger's probing account, "New Age Cults," uncovers the common threads among all these strange institutions. What sort of people become cultists? What kind of rituals go on? What is the nature of brainwashing and deprogramming? These questions and more are answered in Metzger's firsthand account of cult activity.

## **RAUNCHY REGULAR FEATURES**

The February edition features "Fangs," an eerie erotic short story by Jay Ellis combining AIDS, the undead and lesbian lust; *Beaver Hunt* brings you more of the best amateur cooze in the country; nothing is off limits in the outrageous humor of *Bits and Pieces*; *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment* features the finest X-rated reviews in the world; and *Hot Letters* continues to present the best of our readers' steamy mail. So prepare yourself—another month's worth of the finest in adult entertainment is coming at you.









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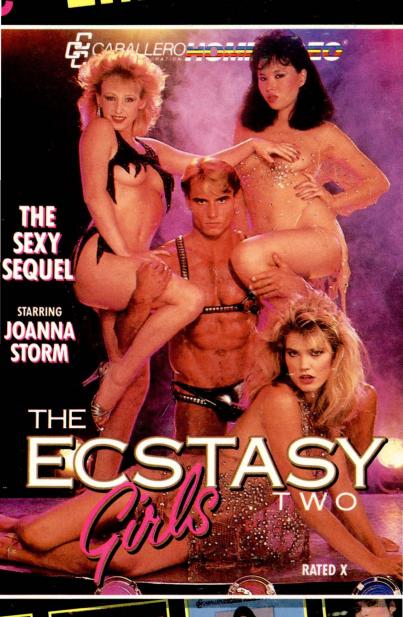
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